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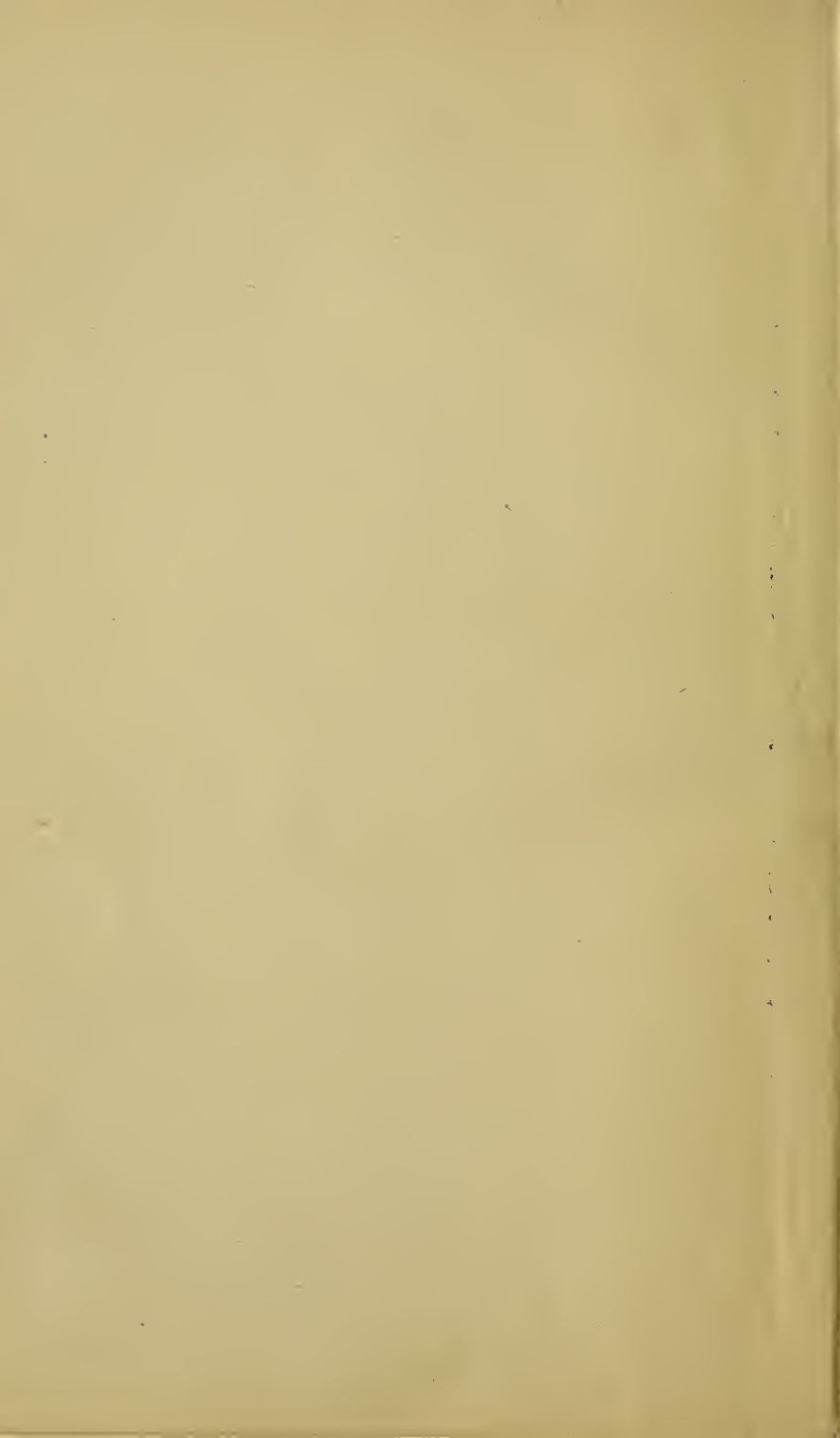












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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A. B.

*Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University*

The Lake English Classics

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*Shakespeare, William*

SHAKSPERE'S

HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED BY

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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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## PREFACE.

The text of *Henry V* used in the present volume is based upon that in the first folio, the spelling and punctuation being modernized, with a few emendations drawn from the early quartos and from the suggestions of modern editors. It has not been thought wise, except in rare cases, to burden the notes with the materials or the controversies of textual criticism, since the bearing of these is not easily made evident to students at that stage of Shakspearean study for which this edition is prepared. The introduction is meant to give an idea of the place of the play in the history of English Literature; to sketch the life of the author and outline his literary activity; to supply information as to the date and sources of the play; to describe the main characteristics of the meter; and to draw attention to the more important differences between Elizabethan English and that of our own day. In addition to pointing out the derivation of the plot from the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, the main changes and additions made by Shakspeare have been noted; and much may be done towards leading students to an appreciation of the art of the dramatist by ex-

panding the hints here given at the appropriate points in the reading of the text. All the passages from the old historian which there is any trace of Shakspeare's having used are collected and arranged by Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone in his *Shakspeare's Holinshed*, a volume which should be in every school library, and to which the present editor acknowledges his obligation.

The aim of the notes has been in the first place to supply the information necessary to make the language and allusions of the text thoroughly intelligible. This must surely be regarded as the first step in the teaching of any literary masterpiece. At the beginning of the scenes short notes of a different kind have, as a rule, been inserted, suggesting to the student the significance in the development of plot or character of the scene that follows. The purpose of these is not so much a full statement of such significance, as the cultivation of the habit of testing all the elements in a work of art in order to find the justification of their presence.

Apart from this, the task of æsthetic interpretation has been usually left to the teacher. The present play stands in contrast to, say, *Julius Cæsar* or *Macbeth* in this respect, that little of typical dramatic structure is to be learned from it. It has here the characteristic defects of the Chronicle History, the main principle of its con-

struction being merely the chronological order of events, and the unity depending on the dominant interest in the hero. In the characterization of Henry himself, in the enthusiastic and patriotic tone of the whole, in the rousing eloquence of the speeches, and in the humor of the scenes of comedy, must be found the main themes for kindling the student's interest; and here the material is surely abundant.

It is an obvious pedagogical temptation to use such a play as this for the teaching of English history. To do this thoroughly, it would be necessary to supply a considerable background in order to make intelligible such matters as the causes of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the methods by which the House of Lancaster reached the throne of England. But it must be realized that in so doing there is considerable risk of killing the interest in the action of the play by an overdose of genealogical detail, and of blurring the portrait which Shakspeare has painted. As a rule, it will be well to reserve correction of historical detail until the mind of the pupil has been well impressed with the dramatist's creation, so that the claims of the piece as literature may not be injured by a zeal to make it a medium for the conveying of historical information.

For further details on the life and work of Shakspeare, the following may be referred to:



Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* and *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*; Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* (revised edition, 1909); and *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*, by F. S. Boas. For a general account of the English Drama of the period see A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (revised edition, 1899) and F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*, both of which are rich in bibliography. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*; J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. G. R. French's *Shakspeareana Genealogica* is a convenient source of information on the dynastic and similar questions that arise in connection with the historical plays.

I wish to thank Mr. R. G. Martin for substantial assistance in the preparation of the present edition.

W. A. N.

Harvard University, July, 1909.

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## INTRODUCTION.

### I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theatre was built in London. By 1600 Shakspeare had written more than half his plays and stood completely master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the centre of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the Lessons, and in the responsive singing and

**The Drama before Shakspeare.**

chanting. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest forms of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors, and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and

Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chronological order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the Building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church towards these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the original aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt

at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in general throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personæ* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which all the characters were personifications, and in which the aim, at first the teaching of moral lessons, later became frequently satirical. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed



itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints. This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of

literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in

England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to characterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* was an adaptation of the plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus to contemporary life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come on a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspeare, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspeare's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the great permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspeare found himself when he came to London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to

**Shakspeare's  
Early Life.**

our reckoning). The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspere, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Æsop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Shakspere kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his

father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we are again unable to say, but in 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspeare's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the

earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspeare worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of blackguardism dashed with genius," it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspeare began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the



middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspeare was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspeare, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspeare's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this, too,

following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude towards his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renewed;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspeare did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theatre of his time.

For the theatre of Shakspeare's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meagre apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions

**The Elizabethan  
 Theatre.**

for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage illusion,—such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theatre to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, “drinking” tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women’s parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Eliza-

bethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspeare knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines; one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from

**Shakspeare's  
Dramatic  
Development.**

external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of meter and language. The arrangement on the following page represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rhymed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. No copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in its earliest form is known to be in existence, and the extent of Shakspeare's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main char-





acters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rhymes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible, and which are marked externally by reunions and reconciliations and internally by repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the

end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspeare's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the meter at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspeare again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspeare's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspeare. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspeare seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode, and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peace-

**Shakspeare's  
Last Years.**

ful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

read.

## II. HENRY THE FIFTH.

It is seldom that the date of one of Shakspeare's plays can be fixed with such exactitude as is possible in the case of *Henry V*. In

**Date.** the Prologue to the fifth act occur the following lines :

As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him!

The general here referred to was the Earl of Essex, who left for Ireland on April 15, 1599, and returned on September 28 of the same year. Since, then, there is no reason to suspect that this prologue was not written at the same time as the rest of the play, it is practically certain that the work was composed in the summer of 1599.

The form of drama to which *Henry V* belongs, the so-called Chronicle History, was popular when Shakspeare began writing, and it is probable that his first attempts were made in revising plays of this class, such as the three parts of *Henry VI*. The Chronicle History had been at first little more than the translation of the narrative prose of the

English Chronicles into dialogue and action. The dialogue took the form of a series of speeches in sonorous blank verse with little attempt at dramatic appropriateness; and the action consisted of a succession of scenes at court or in the field, the sequence of events being determined chiefly by their chronological order in history, and showing but slight relation of cause and effect. In Shakspeare's hands the type underwent considerable modifications, the chief being the introduction of a large element of comedy. The two parts of *Henry IV*, which probably immediately preceded the present play, are almost exactly half comedy and half history; and the success of these plays was due more to the humor of Falstaff than to the scenes at the council table and at the wars. The same tendency appears here, the characters of Pistol and his group being carried over from 1 and 2 *Henry IV*. But the political action is by no means overshadowed in the present instance by the comic by-play. The patriotic enthusiasm which was one of the main causes of the existence of this dramatic type, finds here its most eloquent expression, and in Henry himself Shakspeare displays the ideal figure of the triumphant English king.

With this drama Shakspeare abandoned the writing of Chronicle History. *Henry VIII*, it is true, belongs to a later period in his career, but

it is only in part his work, and it is almost as much pageant as history. *Henry V*, then, in its strong national feeling, its splendid eloquence, and the brilliance of the central royal figure who sums up and embodies the aspirations of his people, may be regarded as the work in which the dramatist carried this kind of play to a climax and bade it farewell.

The play first appeared in print in 1600, and was reprinted in 1602 and 1608. But in this form the text is barely half the length of that here printed, which is taken from the version in the "First Folio," the collected edition issued by two of Shakspeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in 1623. Not only is the 1600 version shorter, but it is so mangled and corrupted that it is generally thought to have been published by a piratical bookseller who obtained his copy from a reporter sent to take it down from the lips of the actors in the theater.

The exploits of Henry V had been set forth upon the London stage before Shakspeare wrote his play. More than ten years earlier there had been acted a crude mixture of history and comedy called *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, and from this Shakspeare took a number of hints for both the comic and the serious episodes in *Henry*

**Source of  
the Text.**

**Source of  
the Plot.**



IV. In *Henry V* he used it less; but one may find in it foreshadowings of the elaboration of the presentation of the tennis-balls, a group of characters speaking dialect, and the wooing of the Princess.

The main source of the political plot is the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, the chief mine from which Shakspeare dug his historical material. The general order of the events in Holinshed is preserved, but in the *Chronicles* the happenings presented in the play extend over six years. The longer speeches are little indebted to Holinshed, with the exception of that by the Archbishop of Canterbury giving the genealogical argument for Henry's claim to the French crown, and the enumeration of the dead at Agincourt; in these instances Shakspeare follows his original slavishly. The parallel passages here given illustrate his method in these cases. In the *Chronicles* we find, "The verie words of that supposed law are these: '*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*; that is to saie, 'Into the Salike land let not women succeed.' Which the French glossers expound to be the realm of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond; whereas yet their owne authors affirme, that the land Salike is in Germanie, between the rivers of Elbe and Sala; and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certeine Frenchmen, which having

in disdeine the dishonest manners of the Germane women, made a law, that the females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land, which at this daie is called Meisen.”

Compare this with the speech in I. ii. 38 ff,

“ ‘*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*’  
 ‘No woman shall succeed in Salique land;’  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
 To be the realm of France and Pharamond,  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
 That the land Salique is in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;  
 Where Charles the Great, having subdu’d the Saxons,  
 There left behind and settled certain French;  
 Who, holding in disdain the German women  
 For some dishonest manners of their life,  
 Establish’d there this law, to-wit, no female  
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;  
 Which Saliq̄e, as I said, ’twixt Elbe and Sala,  
 Is at this day in Germany call’d Meisen.’”

In some cases a detail is added to the fact given by Holinshed in order to increase the effectiveness of the situation. Thus the historical episode of the conspiracy in II. ii. is made much more telling by the invented incident of the freeing of the man who had railed against the king, in connection with which the traitors are led to pass judgment on themselves. A number of changes are made to increase the sympathy of

the audience for the English side. Such are the elaboration of the relations between Henry and old Erpingham, of the death scene of York and Suffolk, of the picture of good-fellowship between the king and the common soldiers, of the contrast between the behaviors of the two armies on the eve of battle. The main lines of Henry's character are laid down in the *Chronicles*, but by such inventions as the soliloquy and prayer before Agincourt, the martial eloquence of the speeches before Harfleur and on St. Crispin's Day, and the lofty moralizing upon "ceremony," the impression of his piety, leadership, and wisdom is greatly heightened. Pistol and his friends are, of course, entirely the creations of the dramatist, as are the characters of Fluellen, Captain Jamy, Macmorris, Williams, and Bates. When one considers to what extent the interest of the play depends on such elements as those just enumerated, it is possible to realize how small a part of the literary value of the play is, after all, due to the source.

These changes are all made, however, for artistic reasons; with the accuracy of facts or reasoning in the *Chronicles* Shakspeare does not seem to have concerned himself. For example, the elaborate argument of Canterbury in I. ii is entirely directed against the attempt to disprove Henry's claim to the French crown on the ground

of the Salique Law. It is true that the Salique Law was not intended to refer to the royal succession at all, but only to private property in land; but it is also true that this might have been granted by the French without weakening their case, since, granting the validity of succession through the female, Henry's claim still had fatal flaws. But for dramatic purposes these intricacies of genealogy could not be too nicely traced; for Shakspeare, like Holinshed, it was sufficient to bring in a show of expert advice in order that the popular king might be represented as going to war with a clear conscience as to the rightness of his cause.

The verse of the play is the blank verse which, since Marlowe, had been the standard meter of the English drama. The normal **Meter.** type has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the stress falling on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspeare deviates with great freedom, the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable, *e. g.*:

The breath | no soon | er left | his fath | er's bo | *dy*,  
I. i. 25.

Had nob | les rich | er and | more loy | al sub | *jects*,  
I. ii. 127.

Whom he | hath dull'd | and cloy'd | with gra | cious  
fa | *vours*, II. ii. 9.

Occasionally this extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as the caesura, which is most frequent after the third foot, *e. g.*:

Crouch for | employ | *ment.* | | But par | don, gen | -  
tles all |, I. Prol. 8.

Shall not | be wink'd | *at,* | | how shall | we stretch |  
our eye |, II. ii. 55.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; thus, "We are" is to be pronounced "We 're," in

*We are* glad | the Dau | phin is so | pleasant | with  
us |, I. ii. 259.

So the middle syllable of "temporal" is slurred in

For all | the tem | *poral* lands | which men | devout |,  
I. i. 9.

In some lines it is doubtful whether a syllable is to be slurred or sounded as a light extra syllable; as, *e. g.*, the second syllable of "governor" in

How yet | resolves | the gov | *ernor* of | the town? |,  
III. iii. 1.

3. Short lines, lacking one or more feet, occur;  
*e. g.*:

As pure as sin with baptism, I. ii. 32.

Or else what follows? II. iv. 96.

That goddess blind, III. vi. 30.

4. Long lines of twelve or thirteen syllables occur; *e. g.*:

And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on  
them, IV. ii. 23.

An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate, II. i. 73.  
Than is your majesty. There's not, I think, a subject,  
II. ii. 26.

Usually in such lines some words bearing the metrical accent are quite unemphatic in reading, as in the last foot of the first example; and frequently it is a matter of opinion whether examples belong to this class or those noted under 2.

5. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, *i. e.*, the accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable, *e. g.*:

Ó for | a Muse of fire that would ascend, I. Prol. 1.

Néver | was such a sudden scholar made, I. i. 32.

Géntly | to hear, | kíndly | to judge our play. I.  
Prol. 34.

In the following line the first foot is an anapaest, *i. e.*, has two unstressed syllables before the accent:

By the which | marriage the line of Charles the Great,  
I. ii. 84.

6. It must be remembered, however, that some words have changed their pronunciation since



Shakspeare's time. Thus the noun "aspect" had the accent on the second syllable, as in

Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct; III. i. 9.

So *precépts* in III. iii. 26; and conversely, *rélapse* in IV. iii. 107, *ántique* in V. Prol. 26, etc.

The pronunciation was sometimes varied to suit the exigencies of the meter; thus, *execútors* in I. ii. 203, but *exécutors* in IV. ii. 51.

Again, terminations like "-tion" were often disyllabic, as in *invent-i-on*, I. Prol. 2, *act-i-on*, I. ii. 114, *desolat-i-on*, II. ii. 174, *consci-ence*, I. ii. 79, *val-i-ant*, IV. i. 46, etc.

7. Occasional rhymes occur. These are found chiefly, though not always, at the end of scenes or of speeches of some length; *e. g.*: I. Prol. 33-4, I. ii. 309-10, II. ii. 193-4, III. iii. 42-3; III. v. 67-8.

Although differences between the language of Shakspeare and that of our own day are obvious

**Language.** to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of sense, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the idiom of *Henry V* and that of modern English

will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shakspearean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that time quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

1. NOUNS. Abstract nouns are often used in the plural; *e. g.*: “manhoods,” IV. iii. 66, “wisdoms,” V. ii. 87. This is a common usage with Fluellen, *e. g.*: “disciplines,” III. ii. 65; “concavities,” III. ii. 66; “directions,” III. ii. 71, etc., where it is, of course, used for humorous effect.

2. PRONOUNS. (a) The nominative is sometimes used for the objective, especially after prepositions; *e. g.*: “*who* to disobey,” IV. i. 155; “*who* serv'st thou under?” IV. vii. 159.

(b) The possessive “its” did not come into common use until after the middle of the seventeenth century, and in Shakspeare, as in other early writers, we find “his” for the neuter as well as for the masculine; *e. g.*: “summer grass . . . crescive in *his* faculty.” I. i. 66; “rock o'erhang and jutty *his* confounded base,” III. i. 13; “bend up every spirit to *his* full height,” III. i. 17; “for it (the sun) shines bright and never changes, but keeps *his* course truly.” V. ii. 175.

(c) “His” is sometimes used instead of the

sign of the possessive case; *e. g.*: "King Lewis *his* satisfaction," I. ii. 88.

(d) Confusion between the personal and the reflexive forms is common; *e. g.*: "And do submit *me* to your highness' mercy." II. ii. 77; "That we should dress *us* fairly for our end." IV. i. 10; "And rouse *him* at the name of Crispian. IV. iii. 43; "*myself* have play'd," V. Prol. 42.

(e) The ethical dative is commoner in Shakspeare than in modern speech; *e. g.*: "Ask *me* this slave in French," IV. iv. 25; "He smil'd *me* in the face," IV. vi. 21.

(f) The modern distinction among the relative pronouns *who*, *which*, *that*, *as*, is not observed by Shakspeare; *e. g.*: "night *who*, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp," IV. Prol. 21; he *which* hath no stomach to this fight," IV. iii. 35; "had you been *as* I took you for," IV. viii. 60.

(g) The relative is sometimes omitted; *e. g.*: "play a set shall strike," I. ii. 262.

(h) The objective case of the personal pronouns is at times used reflexively where modern English requires no object; *e. g.*: "Turn *thee* back," III. vi. 161; "Gets *him* to rest," IV. i. 291.

3. ADJECTIVES. (a) Double comparatives occur: *e. g.*: "more sharper," III. v. 39.

(b) Adjectives are sometimes used as nouns;

*e. g.*: “*gentles* all,” I. Prol. 8, II. Prol. 35; “Speak, my *fair*, and fairly,” V. ii. 179.

4. VERBS. (a) A Singular verb is often found with a plural subject; *e. g.*: “The flat unraised spirits that *hath* dar’d,” I. Prol. 9; “As *is* our wretches,” I. ii. 243; “Thus *comes* the English,” II. iv. 1; “The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory *Doth* root upon,” V. ii. 46. This is a frequent usage of Fluellen’s; *e. g.*: “the mines *is* not,” III. ii. 65, etc.

(b) Conversely, plural verbs appear with singular subjects, through the attraction of an intervening plural; *e. g.*: “The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, *Have* lost their quality,” V. ii. 19.

(c) The “n” is frequently dropped from the ending in the past participle of strong verbs; *e. g.*: “writ” for “written,” I. ii. 98; “spoke” for “spoken,” II. i. 134, “broke” for “broken,” IV. v. 6. When the word thus produced might be mistaken for the infinitive, the form of the past tense is found; *e. g.*: “mistook” for “mistaken,” III. vi. 90; “shook” for “shaken,” V. ii. 194. On the other hand the old -en ending is preserved in “well-foughten,” IV. vi. 18.

(d) Verbs of motion are at times omitted; *e. g.*: “and would to bed,” II. i. 90; “We will aboard,” II. ii. 12; “They bid us to the English dancing schools,” III. v. 32.

(e) "Be" is sometimes used for "are" in the plural of the present indicative; *e. g.*: "Minding true things by what their mockeries *be*," IV. Prol. 53; "his fears . . . *be* of the same relish," IV. i. 115.

(f) "To" is sometimes omitted with the infinitive where it is used in modern English; *e. g.*: "Desires you let the dukedoms," I. ii. 256; "Willing you overlook this pedigree," II. iv. 90.

(g) The infinitive with "to" is sometimes used for the gerund with another preposition; *e. g.*: "That fears his fellowship to die (=in dying) with us," IV. iii. 39.

5. ADVERBS. (a) Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; *e. g.*: "Nor never," I. i. 35; "Though war nor no known quarrel," II. iv. 17; "nor I have no cunning," V. ii. 150. Cf. also II. iv. 85; IV. i. 314; V. ii. 380.

(b) The form of the adjective is often used for the adverb, *e. g.*: "The Gordian knot of it he will unloose *Familiar* as his garter," I. i. 47; "*sore* charged," I. ii. 283; "till it were *full* ripe," III. vi. 141; "We may as *bootless* spend," III. iii. 24.

(c) An adverb is sometimes used where good modern usage requires an adjective; *e. g.*: "But *freshly* looks," IV. Prol. 39. For "look greenly," see note on V. ii. 149.

6. PREPOSITIONS. (a) These are sometimes omitted; *e. g.*: "List his discourse," I. i. 43.

(b) Occasionally prepositions were used where in modern English the verb takes a direct object; *e. g.*: "consider of his ransom," III. vi. 145.

(c) The usage in prepositions was less definite than it is today. Thus "of"="on" in "Hear him debate *of* commonwealth affairs," I. i. 41, and "Take pity *of* your town and *of* your people," III. iii. 28; "of"="by" in "With good acceptance *of* his majesty," I. i. 83; "upon"="at" in "*upon* that instant," I. i. 91.

7. CONJUNCTIONS. These are sometimes omitted.



THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY V.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } brothers to the King.

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCOOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, }  
GOWER, } officers in King Henry's  
FLUELLEN, } army.  
MACMORRIS, }  
JAMY, }

BATES, }  
COURT, } soldiers in the same.  
WILLIAMS, }

PISTOL.

NYM.

BARDOLPH.

BOY.

A Herald.

CHARLES VI, king of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, }  
GRANDPRÉ, } French Lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

HOSTESS of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress  
Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

CHORUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and  
Attendants.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

*all France*  
HENRY THE FIFTH.

*Prologue.*

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

5 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,  
and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles  
all,

10 The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? Or may we  
cram

15 Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since 'a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.

20 Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;  
Piece out our imperfections with your  
thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance; 25  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see  
them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving  
earth.  
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck  
our kings,  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er  
times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30  
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience  
pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.  
[Exit.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

*London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* My lord, I 'll tell you: that self bill is  
urg'd,

Which in the eleventh year of the last king's  
reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling and unquiet time

5 Did push it out of farther question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against  
us,

We lose the better half of our possession;

For all the temporal lands, which men devout

10 By testament have given to the Church,

Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:

As much as would maintain, to the King's  
honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,

Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

15 And, to relief of lazars and weak age,

Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
 A hundred almshouses right well suppli'd;  
 And to the coffers of the King beside,  
 A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs  
 the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'T would drink the cup and all. 20

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The King is full of grace and fair re-  
 gard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy Church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
 The breath no sooner left his father's body, 25  
 But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,  
 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment  
 Consideration like an angel came  
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,  
 Leaving his body as a paradise 30  
 To envelope and contain celestial spirits.  
 Never was such a sudden scholar made;  
 Never came reformation in a flood  
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults;  
 Nor never such Hydra-headed wilfulness 35  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire the King were made a  
 prelate; 40



Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all in all his  
study;

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle rend'red you in music;

45 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
50 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;  
So that the art and practice part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:

Which is a wonder how his Grace should  
glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain,  
55 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets,  
sports,

And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

60 *Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;  
And so the Prince obscur'd his contempla-  
tion

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
65 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yêt crescive in his faculty.

*analogy*

*Cant.* It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,  
And therefore we must needs admit the  
means

How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill 70  
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent,  
Or rather swaying more upon our part  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;  
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, 75  
Upon our spiritual convocation  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,  
As touching France, to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his Majesty;  
Save that there was not time enough to hear,  
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have  
done, 85

The severals and unhidden passages  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
And generally to the crown and seat of  
France

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this  
off? 90

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is  
come

To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

95 *Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy;  
Which I could with a ready guess declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The presence chamber.*

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter,  
Warwick, Westmoreland and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canter-  
bury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin. We would be re-  
solv'd,

5 Before we hear him, of some things of weight  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and  
France.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the  
Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* God and his angels guard your sacred  
throne

And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

And justly and religiously unfold 10

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your  
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul 15

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20

Therefore take heed how you impawn our  
person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war.

We charge you, in the name of God, take  
heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless  
drops 25

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint

'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the  
swords

That makes such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration speak, my lord;

30 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart  
That what you speak is in your conscience  
wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and  
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services

35 To this imperial throne. There is no bar

To make against your Higness' claim to  
France

But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

*"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,"*

*"No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"*

40 Which Salique land the French unjustly  
gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm

That the land Salique is in Germany,

45 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;

Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the  
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;

Who, holding in disdain the German women

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female 50  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and  
Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. )  
Then doth it well appear the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France; 55  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,  
Who died within the year of our redemption 60  
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the  
Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers  
say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King  
Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir  
male 70  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the  
Great,  
To find his title with some shows of truth,



Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and  
naught,

Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady Lin-  
gare,

75 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the  
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,

80 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of  
Lorraine;

By the which marriage the line of Charles  
the Great

85 Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female.

90 So do the kings of France unto this day,  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your Highness claiming from the fe-  
male,

And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles

95 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make  
this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 100  
Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody  
flag!

Look back into your mighty ancestors!  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's  
tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike  
spirit,

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black  
Prince, 105

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110

O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of  
France

And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work and cold for action!

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, 115  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage that renowned them

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant  
liege

120 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the  
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

125 *West.* They know your Grace hath cause and  
means and might;

So hath your Highness. Never King of Eng-  
land

Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in  
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

130 *Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood and sword and fire to win your  
right;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum  
As never did the clergy at one time

135 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French,

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon  
us

With all advantages.

140 *Cant.* They of those marches, gracious sovereign,

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers  
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us; 145  
For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd king-  
dom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fullness of his force, 150  
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neigh-  
bourhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than  
harm'd, my liege; 155

For hear her but exampl'd by herself:  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended  
But taken and impounded as a stray 160  
The King of Scots; whom she did send to  
France

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner  
kings,

And make her chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

165 With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.

*West.* ( But there's a saying very old and true,  
"If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin."

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
170 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely  
eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then the cat must stay at home ;  
175 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home ;  
180 For government, though high and low and  
lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
185 Setting endeavour in continual motion,  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience ; for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
190 They have a king and officers of sorts,

Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring  
home

195

To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale

200

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously.  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in  
one town;

205

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my  
liege!

210

Divide your happy England into four,  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

215



If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
 Let us be worried and our nation lose

220 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. *Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
 Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's  
 help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

225 ~~Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,~~

Ruling in large and ample empery  
 O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-  
 doms.

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

230 Either our history shall with full mouth  
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless  
 mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleas-  
 ure

235 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
 Your greeting is from him, not from the  
 King.

1. *Amb.* May 't please your Majesty to give us  
 leave

Freely to render what we have in charge,  
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,  
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
 As is our wretches fett'ed in our prisons;  
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed  
 plainness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*1. Amb.* Thus, then, in few. 245

Your Highness, lately sending into France,  
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the  
 Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our  
 master

Says that you savour too much of your youth, 250  
 And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in  
 France

That can be with a nimble galliard won.

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your  
 spirit,

This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this, 255  
 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin  
 speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
with us.

260 His present and your pains we thank you for.  
When we have match'd our rackets to these  
balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a  
set

Shall strike his father's crown into the haz-  
ard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a  
wrangler

265 That all the courts of France will be dis-  
turb'd

With chaces. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.

270 We never valu'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from  
home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness  
275 When I do rouse me in my throne of France.

For that I have laid by my majesty  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

280 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his  
soul

Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful  
vengeance

That shall fly with them; for many a thou-  
sand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear  
husbands,

285

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles  
down;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's  
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,

To whom I do appeal; and in whose name

290

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on

To venge me as I may, and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace; and tell the  
Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,

295

When thousands weep more than did laugh  
at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you  
well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour

300

That may give furtherance to our expedition;

For we have now no thought in us but  
France,

Save those to God, that run before our busi-  
ness.

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
305 Be soon collected, and all things thought  
upon

That may with reasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,  
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
310 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

*Prologue.*

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on  
fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's  
thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, 5  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets, 10  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes. 15  
O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honour would  
thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!



20 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found  
out  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted  
men,  
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
25 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,  
Have, for the guilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—  
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must  
die,  
If hell and treason hold their promises,  
30 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
The abuse of distance, force a play.  
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
The King is set from London; and the scene  
35 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.  
There is the playhouse now, there must you  
sit;  
And thence to France shall we convey you  
safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow  
seas  
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
40 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

But, till the King come forth, and not till  
then,

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

*London. A street.*

*Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends  
yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not. I say little; but <sup>5</sup>  
when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;  
but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight,  
but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It  
is a simple one, but what though? It will  
toast cheese, and it will endure cold as an- <sup>10</sup>  
other man's sword will; and there 's an end.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you  
friends; and we 'll be all three sworn broth-  
ers to France. Let it be so, Good Corporal  
Nym. 15

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's  
the certain of it; and when I cannot live any  
longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest,  
that is the rendezvous of it.

20 *Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married  
to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you  
wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell. Things must be as they  
may. Men may sleep, and they may have  
25 their throats about them at that time; and  
some say knives have edges. It must be as it  
may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet  
she will plod. There must be conclusions.  
Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter Pistol and Hostess.*

30 *Bard.* Here come Ancient Pistol and his wife.  
Good corporal, be patient here. How now,  
mine host Pistol!

*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;  
35 Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot  
lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle-  
women that live honestly by the prick of their  
needles, but it will be thought we keep a  
40 bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*]  
O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!  
We shall see wilful adultery and murder  
committed.

*Bard.* Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer  
45 nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-  
ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Host.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and  
put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you 50  
solus.

*Pist.* "Solus," egregious dog! O viper vile!

The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;

The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,  
perdy, 55

And, which is worse; within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure 60  
me. I have an humour to knock you indif-  
ferently well. If you grow foul with me,  
Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I  
may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I  
would prick your guts a little, in good terms, 65  
as I may; and that 's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggart vile and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is  
near,

Therefore exhale.

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say. He that 70  
strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to  
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall  
abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.

75 Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in  
fair terms: that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* "*Couple a gorge!*"

That is the word. I thee defy again.

80 O hound of Crete, think 'st thou my spouse to  
get?

No! to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.

85 I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there 's enough.  
Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my

master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and

90 would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face

between his sheets, and do the office of a

warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue!

*Host.* By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pud-

95 ding one of these days. The King has kill'd

his heart. Good husband, come home pres-

ently.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's 100 throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays. 105

*Nym.* That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. Push home. [They draw.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will. 110

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won from 115 you at betting?

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. 120  
Is not this just? For I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?



125 *Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is  
130 most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right.

135 His heart is fractured and corroborate.

*Nym.* The King is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Southampton. A council-chamber.*

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat  
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. 5

*Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious  
favours,  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop,  
Cambridge, and Grey.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will  
aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord  
of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your  
thoughts.

Think you not that the powers we bear  
with us 15

Will cut their passage through the force of  
France,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best. 20

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that, since we are well per-  
suaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

25 *Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd  
Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think,  
a subject  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True; those that were your father's ene-  
mies  
30 Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve  
you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thank-  
fulness,  
And shall forget the office of our hand  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit  
35 According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil,  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your Grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,  
40 Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person. We consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on,  
And on his more advice we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security.  
45 Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir,

You show great mercy if you give him life 50  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch  
our eye 55

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and  
digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that  
man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in  
their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punish'd. And now to our  
French causes. 60

Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord.

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign. 65

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there  
is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and,  
sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.  
Read them, and know I know your worthi-  
ness.

70 My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,  
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now,  
gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose  
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they  
change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you  
there,

75 That have so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault,  
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

*Scroop.* }  
*Grey.* } To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,  
80 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of  
mercy,

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
85 These English monsters! My Lord of Cam-  
bridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly con-  
spir'd

90 And sworn unto the practices of France  
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But, O

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou  
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature! 95

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy  
use,—

May it be possible that foreign hire 100

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as  
gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely  
see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together, 105

As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause

'That admiration did not whoop at them;

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder; 110

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was

That wrought upon thee so preposterously

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;

And other devils that suggest by treasons

Do botch and bungle up damnation 115



With patches, colours, and with forms being  
fetch'd

From glist'ring semblances of piety.

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do  
treason,

120 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
Should with his lion gait walk the whole  
world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions, "I can never win  
125 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."  
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?  
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and  
learned?

Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble  
family?

130 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the  
blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,  
135 Not working with the eye without the ear,  
And but in purged judgment trusting  
neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot

To mark the full-fraught man and best in-  
dued

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of 145  
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumber- 150  
land.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,  
And I repent my fault more than my death,  
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it. 155

*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not seduce,  
Although I did admit it as a motive  
The sooner to effect what I intended.  
But God be thanked for prevention,  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice, 160  
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
Prevented from a damned enterprise. 165  
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sov-  
ereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from  
his coffers

170 Received the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to  
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

175 Touching our person seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,

180 The taste whereof God of his mercy give  
You patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*  
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

185 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason lurking in our way  
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not  
now

But every rub is smoothed on our way.

190 Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!  
 No king of England, if not king of France!  
[Flourish.

## SCENE III.

*London. Before a tavern.*

*Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.*

*Host.* Prithee honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

5

And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp

15

as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.  
"How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man!  
20 be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God,  
God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to  
comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of  
God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble  
himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a  
25 bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put  
my hand into the bed and felt them, and  
they were as cold as any stone; then I felt  
to his knees, and they were as cold as any  
stone; and so upward and upward, and all  
30 was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.

*Host.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that 'a did not.

35 *Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils  
incarnate.

*Host.* 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a  
colour he never lik'd.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him  
40 about women.

*Host.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women;  
but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the  
whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick  
45 upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a  
black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that  
fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? The King will be gone  
from Southampton. 50

*Pist.* Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.  
Look to my chattels and my movables.

Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay."  
Trust none;

For oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-  
cakes, 55

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;  
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! 60

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

*Nym.* I cannot kiss; that is the humour of it;  
but, adieu. 65

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee  
command.

*Host.* Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*France. The King's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus comes the English with full power  
upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,

5 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-  
patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means de-  
fendant;

For England his approaches makes as fierce

10 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As fears may teach us out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,

15 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,



Though war nor no known quarrel were in  
question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and col-  
lected,

As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France.  
And let us do it with no show of fear;  
No, with no more than if we heard that Eng-  
land

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance; 25  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king. 30

Question your Grace the late ambassadors  
With what great state he heard their em-  
bassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution, 35

And you shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
'That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

*Dau.* Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Constable;

But though we think it so, it is no matter.  
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
45 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scant-  
ing  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong;  
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet  
him.

50 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain  
That haunted us in our familiar paths.  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
55 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince  
of Wales;  
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain  
standing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,  
60 Mangle the work of nature and deface  
The patterns that by God and by French  
fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of England 65  
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience.  
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends..

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward  
dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they  
seem to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short, and let them  
know

Of what a monarchy you are the head.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England? 75

*Exe.* From him; and thus he greets your Maj-  
esty:

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature and of nations, longs 80  
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain  
By custom and the ordinance of times

Unto the crown of France. That you may  
know

85 'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd  
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line,  
In every branch truly demonstrative;  
90 Willing you overlook this pedigree;  
And when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
95 From him, the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.  
Therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,  
100 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy  
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
105 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head  
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'  
groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my  
message; 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this fur-  
ther.

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin, 115

I stand here for him. What to him from  
England?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance. Slight regard, con-  
tempt,

And anything that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: an if your father's High-  
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass and return your 125  
mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will; for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England. To that  
end,

As matching to his youth and vanity, 130  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
 Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;  
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
 135 As we his subjects have in wonder found,  
 Between the promise of his greener days  
 And these he masters now. Now he weighs  
                   time  
 Even to the utmost grain. That you shall  
                   read  
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

140 *Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind  
                   at full. [Flourish.

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our  
                   king  
 Come heré himself to question our delay;  
 For he is footed in this land already.  
*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair  
                   conditions.

145 A night is but small breath and little pause  
 To answer matters of this consequence.  
[Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

*Prologue.*

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene  
flies

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have  
seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet 5  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-  
ning.

Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden 10  
sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd  
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing; 15  
For so appears this fleet majestic,



Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
low!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight  
still,

20 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old  
women,

Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puis-  
sance.

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to  
France?

25 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a  
siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Har-  
fleur.

Suppose the ambassador from the French  
comes back,

30 Tells Harry that the King doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to  
dowry,

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon  
touches,

[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*

35 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*France. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 5

Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head 10

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-  
whelm it

As fearfully as does a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril  
wide, 15

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every  
spirit

To his full height. On, on, you noblest Eng-  
lish,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,

20 Have in these parts from morn till even  
fought,

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-  
ment.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget  
you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
25 And teach them how to war. And you, good  
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us  
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I  
doubt not;

30 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint  
George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot; 5 that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound.

“Knocks go and come; God’s vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field, 10

Doth win immortal fame.”

*Boy.* Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Pist.* And I. 15

“If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.”

*Boy.* “As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.” 20

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*]

*Pist.* Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould. Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

25 Abate thy rage, great Duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*]

30 *Boy.* As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by  
35 the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are  
40 the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against  
45 a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it

for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Gower and Fluellen.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no  
80 more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy with him.

85 *Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argu-  
90 ment as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, good Captain  
95 James.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By  
100 my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done!



*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will 105  
 you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations  
 with you, as partly touching or concerning the  
 disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the  
 way of argument, look you, and friendly com-  
 munication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and 110  
 partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my  
 mind, as touching the direction of the mili-  
 tary discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains  
 bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I 115  
 may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me.  
 The day is hot, and the weather, and the  
 wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no  
 time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, 120  
 and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we  
 talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'T is shame  
 for us all. So God sa' me, 't is shame to stand  
 still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is  
 throats to be cut, and works to be done; and 125  
 there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take  
 themselves to slomber, I 'll de gud service, or  
 I 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death;  
 and I'll pay 't as valourously as I may, that 130  
 sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.  
 Marry, I wad full fain heard some question  
 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under

135 your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of

140 my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use  
145 me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself.  
150 So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* Ah! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

155 *Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the gates.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the  
English forces below. Enter King  
Henry and his train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the  
town?

This is the latest parle we will admit;  
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,  
Or like to men proud of destruction  
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier, 5  
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lies buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10  
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of  
heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like  
grass  
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring  
infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious War, 15  
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are  
cause,

20 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command  
25 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-  
fleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,

30 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of  
grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

35 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking  
daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the  
walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls con-  
fus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of  
Jewry 40

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid,  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, 45  
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great  
King,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;

For we no longer are defensible. 50

*K. Hen.* Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing 55  
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

*[Flourish. The King and his train  
enter the town.]*

## SCENE IV.

*The French King's palace.*

*Enter Katharine and Alice, an old Gentlewoman.*

*Kath.* Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

*Alice.* Un peu, madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que  
5 j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

*Alice.* La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts?

*Alice.* Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts;  
10 mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

*Kath.* La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné  
15 deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

*Alice.* Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

20 *Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* Et le coude?

*Alice.* D' elbow. 25

*Kath.* D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense. 30

*Kath.* Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: D' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.

*Alice.* D' elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D' elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col? 35

*Alice.* De nick, madame.

*Kath.* De nick. Et le menton?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

*Alice.* Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous 40 prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous 45 ai enseigné?

*Kath.* Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: d' hand, de fingres, de mails,—

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arm, de ilbow. 50

*Alice.* Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.



*Kath.* Ainsi dis-je; d' elbow, de nick, et de sin.  
Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

*Alice.* De foot, madame; et de coun.

55 *Kath.* De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce  
sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et  
impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur  
d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots  
devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le  
60 monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins,  
je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:  
d'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow,  
de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame!

65 *Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à  
dîner. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke  
of Bourbon, the Constable of France,  
and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river  
Somme.

*Con.* An if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

5 *Dau.* O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
 Our scions put in wild and savage stock,  
 Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
 And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
 bastards! 10

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this met-  
 tle? 15

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,  
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden  
 water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-  
 broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty  
 people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich  
 fields! 25

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out, and they will give

30 Their bodies to the lust of English youth  
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
35 And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed  
him hence.

Let him greet England with our sharp de-  
fiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the  
field!

40 Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;  
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-  
berg,

45 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and  
knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great  
shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our  
land

With pennons painted in the blood of Har-  
fleur.

50 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.  
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,  
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great. 55

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march;  
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear  
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

*Fr. King.* Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on  
 Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give.  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in  
 Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your Majesty. 65

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with us.  
 Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The English camp in Picardy.*

*Enter Gower and Fluellen meeting.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen! come you  
 from the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

5 *Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my ut-  
10 termost power. He is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very  
15 consciencē he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

20 *Flu.* He is called Aunchient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter Pistol.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

25 *Flu.* Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
30 That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

*Flu.* By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, 35 to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet 40 makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—

A damned death! 45

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the Duke will hear thy voice; 50

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee  
requite.

*Flu.* Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning. 55

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his  
60 good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd! and *figo* for thy friendship!

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain. [Exit.

65 *Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's  
70 day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself  
75 at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach,  
80 at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of  
85 the general's cut and a horrid suit of the



camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

90

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

*Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and his poor Soldiers.*

God bless your Majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

100

*Flu.* Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

110

*Flu.* The perdition of the athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my

part, I think the Duke hath lost never a  
man, but one that is like to be executed for  
115 robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your  
Majesty know the man. His face is all bu-  
bukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames  
o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and  
it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and  
120 sometimes red; but his nose is executed and  
his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut  
off; and we give express charge, that in our  
marches through the country, there be noth-  
125 ing compell'd from the villages, nothing  
taken but paid for, none of the French up-  
braided or abused in disdainful language;  
for when lenity and cruelty play for a king-  
dom, the gentler gamester is the soonest  
130 winner.

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then I know thee. What shall I  
know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

135 *K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of  
England: Though we seem'd dead, we did  
but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than  
rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd  
140 him at Harfleur, but that we thought not

good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which 145 must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer; his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the ef- 150 fusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclu- 155 sion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy. 160

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King I do not seek him now,  
 But could be willing to march on to Calais  
 Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,  
 Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much 165  
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,  
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,  
 My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have  
 Almost no better than so many French;

170 Who when they were in health, I tell thee,  
herald,  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive  
me, God,  
That I do brag thus! This your air of  
France

Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.  
175 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;  
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,  
My army but a weak and sickly guard;  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though France himself and such another  
neighbour

180 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,  
Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself.  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'ed,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red  
blood

Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
185 The sum of all our answer is but this:  
We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.  
So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your High-  
ness. [Exit.]

190 *Glou.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hands, brother, not in  
theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward  
night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,  
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*The French camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ram-  
bures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.  
Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my  
horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe. 5

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High  
Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any  
prince in the world. 10

*Dau.* What a long night is this! I will not change  
my horse with any that treads but on four  
pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth  
as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*,  
the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When 15  
I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots  
the air; the earth sings when he touches it;

the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

20 *Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient still-  
25 ness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

30 *Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from  
35 the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'T is a subject for a  
40 sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and  
45 began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress. 50

\* \* \* \*

*Ram.* My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope. 55

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted. 60

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces. 65

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English. 70

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.* 75

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.



*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gal-  
80 lant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot that she may tread out  
the oath.

*Orl.* He is simply the most active gentleman of  
France.

85 *Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep  
that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

90 *Con.* I was told that by one that knows him  
better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said  
he car'd not who knew it.

95 *Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody  
saw it but his lackey. 'T is a hooded valour;  
and when it appears, it will bate.

*Orl.* "Ill will never said well."

100 *Con.* I will cap that proverb with "There is flat-  
tery in friendship."

*Orl.* And I will take up that with "Give the  
devil his due."

*Con.* Well plac'd. There stands your friend for  
105 the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb  
with "A pox of the devil."

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much  
"A fool's bolt is soon shot."

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'T is not the first time you were overshot. 110

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord High Constable, the English lie  
within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measur'd the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman. 115  
Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of  
England, he longs not for the dawning as  
as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this  
King of England, to mope with his fat- 120  
brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they  
would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any  
intellectual armour, they could never wear 125  
such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant  
creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatched  
courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs, that run winking into the 130  
mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads  
crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well  
say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his  
breakfast on the lip of a lion.

135 *Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with  
the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming  
on, leaving their wits with their wives; and  
then, give them great meals of beef and iron  
and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight  
140 like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of  
beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have  
only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now  
145 is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT FOURTH.

### *Prologue.*

### *Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp through the foul womb  
of night  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive 5  
The secret whispers of each other's watch;  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly  
flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful  
neighs 10  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the  
tents  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, 15  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
20 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned  
English,  
Like sacrifices by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminate  
25 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn  
coats,  
Presented them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will  
behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
30 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to  
tent,  
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head !"  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them brothers, friends, and coun-  
trymen.  
35 Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night,  
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint  
40 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.  
A largess universal like the sun

His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all 45  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night.  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly,  
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50  
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,  
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,  
 Minding true things by what their mockeries  
 be. [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*The English camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.*

*K. Hen.* Gloucester, 't is true that we are in  
 great danger;  
 The greater therefore should our còurage be.  
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Al-  
 mighty!  
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out; 5  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry.  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all, admonishing  
 That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
15 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me  
better,

Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

*K. Hen.* 'T is good for men to love their present  
pains

20 Upon example; so the spirit is eased;  
And when the mind is quick'ned, out of  
doubt,

The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers  
both,

25 Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glou.* We shall, my liege.

*Erp.* Shall I attend your Grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;  
30 Go with my brothers to my lords of England.  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.



*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter Pistol.*

*Pist.* *Qui va là?*

35

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

40

*K. Hen.* Even so. What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the King.

*Pist.* The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

45

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of

Cornish crew?

50

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

55

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

60 *Pist.* The *figo* for thee, then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you. God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

65 *Flu.* So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.

It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars  
70 of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it,  
75 and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

80 *Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you and beseech you that you will. 85  
   [*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
           There is much care and valour in this Welsh-  
           man.

*Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,  
           and Michael Williams.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morn-  
           ing which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be; but we have no great cause 90  
           to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day,  
           but I think we shall never see the end of it.  
           Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend. 95

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind  
           gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of  
           our estate? 100

*K. Hen.* Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that  
           look to be wash'd off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the King?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For,  
           though I speak it to you, I think the King 105  
           is but a man, as I am. The violet smells  
           to him as it does to me; the element shows to  
           him as it doth to me; all his senses have but  
           human conditions. His ceremonies laid by,

110 in his nakedness he appears but a man; and  
though his affections are higher mounted  
than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop  
with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees  
reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of  
115 doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet,  
in reason, no man should possess him with  
any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it,  
should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he  
120 will; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he  
could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;  
and so I would he were, and I by him, at all  
adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience  
125 of the King: I think he would not wish him-  
self anywhere but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so  
should he be sure to be ransomed, and a  
many poor men's lives saved.

130 *K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill, to  
wish him here alone, howsoever you speak  
this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I  
could not die anywhere so contented as in  
the King's company, his cause being just  
135 and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after;  
for we know enough, if we know we are the  
King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our

obedience to the King wipes the crime of it 140  
out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter 145  
day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there 150  
are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to 155  
disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, 160  
by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the busi- 165  
ness of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the

170 master of his servant; for they purpose not  
their death, when they purpose their services.  
Besides, there is no king, be his cause never  
so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of  
175 swords, can try it out with all unspotted sol-  
diers. Some peradventure have on them the  
guilt of premeditated and contrived murder;  
some, of beguiling virgins with the broken  
seals of perjury; some, making the wars their  
bulwark, that have before gored the gentle  
180 bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery.  
Now, if these men have defeated the law and  
outrun native punishment, though they can  
outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from  
God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance;  
185 so that here men are punish'd for before-  
breach of the King's laws in now the King's  
quarrel. Where they feared the death, they  
have borne life away; and where they would  
be safe, they perish. Then if they die un-  
190 provided, no more is the King guilty of their  
damnation than he was before guilty of those  
impieties for the which they are now visited.  
Every subject's duty is the King's; but every  
subject's soul is his own. Therefore should  
195 every soldier in the wars do as every sick  
man in his bed, wash every mote out of his  
conscience; and dying so, death is to him ad-  
vantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly  
lost wherein such preparation was gained;



and in him that escapes, it were not sin to 200  
 think that, making God so free an offer, He  
 let him outlive that day to see His greatness  
 and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the  
 ill upon his own head, the King is not to an- 205  
 swer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me;  
 and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the King say he would  
 not be ransom'd. 210

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully;  
 but when our throats are cut, he may be ran-  
 som'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his  
 word after. 215

*Will.* You pay him then. That's a perilous shot  
 out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private  
 displeasure can do against a monarch! You  
 may as well go about to turn the sun to ice  
 with fanning in his face with a peacock's 220  
 feather. You'll never trust his word after!  
 Come, 't is a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round. I  
 should be angry with you, if the time were  
 convenient. 225

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will



230 wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st  
acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap. If ever  
235 thou come to me and say, after to-morrow,  
"This is my glove," by this hand, I will take  
thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

240 *K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in  
the King's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word; fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends.

We have French quarrels enow, if you could  
245 tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt soldiers.*]

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty  
French crowns to one they will beat us, for  
they bear them on their shoulders; but it is  
no English treason to cut French crowns, and  
250 to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.  
Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children, and our sins lay on the King!  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
255 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the  
breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-  
ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
 And what have kings, that privates have not  
 too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony? 260

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st  
 more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings  
 in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy worth! 265

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and  
 form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing. 270

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage  
 sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great  
 greatness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation? 275

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-  
 gar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud  
 dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

280 I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the King,  
285 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Cere-  
mony,—  
Not all these, laid in bed majestic,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
290 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful  
bread,  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
295 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
300 Winding up days with toil and nights with  
sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the King keeps to maintain the  
peace,  
305 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter Erpingham.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
Collect them all together at my tent.

I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do 't, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.

310

Possess them not with fear. Take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown! 315

I Richard's body have interred new,

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up 320

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;

325            Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
              Since that my penitence comes after all,  
              Imploring pardon.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.

330            The day, my friends, and all things stay for  
              me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The French camp.*

*Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and  
              others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my  
              lords!

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval!* My horse, varlet! lackey!  
              ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via! les eaux et la terre.*

5 *Orl.* *Rien puis? L'air et le feu.*

*Dau.* *Ciel, cousin Orleans.*

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my Lord Constable!

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service  
              neigh!

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their  
hides,  
That their hot blood may spin in English  
eyes, 10

And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural  
tears?

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattl'd, you French  
peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to  
horse! 15

Do but behold yond poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their  
souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of  
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20

To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw  
out,

And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but  
blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, 25

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding foe,

30 Though we upon this mountain's basis by

Took stand for idle speculation,

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

35 The tucket sonance and the note to mount;

For our approach shall so much dare the field

That England shall crouch down in fear and yield.

*Enter Grandpré.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,

40 Ill-favouredly become the morning field.

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;

45 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks



With torch-staves in their hand; and their  
 poor jades

Lob down their heads, drooping the hides  
 and hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead  
 eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still, and motion-  
 less; 50

And their executors, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words  
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself. 55

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay  
 for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners and fresh  
 suits

And give their fasting horses provender,  
 And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guard; on to the field! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!  
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The English camp.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham,  
with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.*

*Glou.* Where is the King?

*Bed.* The King himself is rode to view their  
battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full three-score  
thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are  
fresh.

5 *Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful  
odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,  
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord  
Exeter,

10 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck  
go with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day!  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of  
valour. [*Exit Salisbury.*

*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness. 15  
Princely in both.

*Enter the King.*

*West.* O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-  
land

That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair  
cousin.

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man  
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-  
land. 30

God's peace! I would not lose so great an  
honour

As one man more, methinks, would share  
from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish  
one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through  
my host,

35 That he which hath no stomach to this  
fight,

Let him depart. His passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.

We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

40 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe  
home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

45 He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his  
scars,

And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's  
day."

50 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our  
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
ter,

55 Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered,  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. 60  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition;  
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were  
                   not here, 65  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any  
                   speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's  
                   day.

*Re-enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with  
                   speed.  
 The French are bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience charge on us. 70  
*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.  
*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward  
                   now!  
*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from  
                   England, coz?  
*West.* God's will! my liege, would you and I  
                   alone,  
 Without more help, could fight this royal  
                   battle! 75

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,  
Which likes me better than to wish us one.  
You know your places. God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

80 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow;  
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in  
mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind  
85 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where, wretches, their  
poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

90 *K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer  
back:

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.  
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was killed with hunting  
him.

95 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in  
 France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-  
 hills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall  
 greet them, 100

And draw their honours reeking up to  
 heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your  
 clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in  
 France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,  
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, 105  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable  
 We are but warriors for the working-day.

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110

With rainy marching in the painful field;

There's not a piece of feather in our host—

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

And time hath worn us into slovenry;

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; 115

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'  
 heads



And turn them out of service. If they do  
this—

120 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom  
then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy  
labour.

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle  
herald.

They shall have none, I swear, but these my  
joints;

125 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee  
well;

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* I fear thou 'lt once more come again for  
ransom.

*Enter York.*

130 *York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,  
march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur!

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* *Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Dis-*  
cuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O Seigneur Dieu!*

*Pist.* O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.  
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and  
mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, 10  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys, 15  
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat  
In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

*Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?  
25 Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French  
What is his name.

*Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*

*Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.*

*Boy.* He says his name is Master Fer.

30 *Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him,  
and ferret him. Discuss the same in French  
unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and fer-  
ret, and firke.

35 *Pist.* Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?*

*Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites  
vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout  
à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

40 *Pist.* Owy, cuppele gorge; permafoy,  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave  
crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le Dieu,  
me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de  
45 bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous don-  
nerai deux cents écus.*

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life. He is a

gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns. 50

*Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

*Boy.* *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour 55*  
*les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

*Fr. Sol.* *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je 60*  
*pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that 65  
he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.  
Follow me! 70

*Boy.* *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph 75  
and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;

80 and they are both hang'd; and so would this  
 be, if he durst steal anything adventurously.  
 I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage  
 of our camp. The French might have a good  
 prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none  
 to guard it but boys. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and  
 Rambures.*

*Con.* *O Diable!*

*Orl.* *O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est  
 perdu!*

*Dau.* *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

5 Sits mocking in our plumes. *O méchante  
 fortune!*

Do not run away. [A short alarum.

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* *O perdurable shame!* let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice  
 for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

10 *Bour.* Shame and eternal shame, nothing but  
 shame!

Let's die in honour! Once more back again!  
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,  
 Like a base pandar, hold the chamber door  
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, 15  
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us  
 now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enow yet living in the field  
 To smother up the English in our throngs, 20  
 If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the  
 throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum.* *Enter King Henry and his train, with  
 prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-  
 trymen.

But all's not done; yet keep the French the  
 field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to your  
 Majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within  
this hour

5 I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting.

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,

10 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

15 He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry!"

20 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up.  
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign."

25 So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his  
lips;

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me which I would have  
stopp'd;



But I had not so much of man in me, 30  
 And all my mother came into mine eyes  
 And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not;  
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*

But, hark! what new alarum is this same? 35  
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd  
 men.

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;  
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VII.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage! 'T is expressly against the law of arms. 'T is as ar-rant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not? 5

*Gow.* 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most 10

worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name  
15 where Alexander the Pig was born!

*Gow.* Alexander the Great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge,  
• or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings,  
20 save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander  
25 is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and  
30 there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.  
35 If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures,  
40

and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our King is not like him in that. He <sup>45</sup> never kill'd any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his <sup>50</sup> friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet. He was full of jests, and gipes, and knav- <sup>55</sup>eries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he. I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his Majesty. 60

*Alarum.* *Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, with prisoners. Flourish.*

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill. If they will fight with us, bid them come down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight. 65

If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we  
 have,

70 And not a man of them that we shall take  
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter Montjoy.*

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my  
 liege.

*Glou.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald?

Know'st thou not

75 That I have fin'd these bones of mine for  
 ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.*

No, great King;

I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

80 To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes—woe the while!—

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds

85 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead mas-

ters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great  
 King,  
 To view the field in safety, and dispose  
 Of their dead bodies!

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
 I know not if the day be ours or no; 90  
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
 And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength,  
 for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt. 95

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't  
 please your Majesty, and your great-uncle  
 Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have 100  
 read in the chronicles, fought a most prave  
 pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your Majesty says very true. If your  
 Majesties is rememb'red of it, the Welshmen 105  
 did good service in a garden where leeks did  
 grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;  
 which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an  
 honourable badge of the service; and I do be-  
 lieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the 110  
 leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

115 *Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

120 *Flu.* By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

125 *K. Hen.* God keep me so!

*Enter Williams.*

Our heralds go with him;  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Herald's with Montjoy.*]

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the King.

130 *K. Hen.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An 't please your Majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

135 *Will.* An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore,

as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly. 140

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of 145 great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep 150 his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la! 155

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who serv'st thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege. 160

*Flu.* Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [Exit.

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour 165 for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man chal-



170 lence this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an  
 enemy to our person. If thou encounter any  
 such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your Grace doo's me as great honours as  
 can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects.  
 I would fain see the man, that has but two  
 175 legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this  
 glove; that is all. But I would fain see it  
 once, an please God of His grace that I might  
 see.

*K. Hen.* Know'st thou Gower?

180 *Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to  
 my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother  
 Gloucester,

185 Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.  
 The glove which I have given him for a  
 favour

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin War-  
 wick.

190 If that the soldier strike him, as I judge  
 By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,  
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it;  
 For I do know Fluellen valiant  
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
 195 And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Before King Henry's pavilion.*

*Enter Gower and Williams.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King. There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of. 5

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Flu.* 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

*Gow.* How now, sir! you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you. 15

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in

his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*

25 *War.* How now, how now! what 's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

*Enter King Henry and Exeter.*

25 *K. Hen.* How now! what 's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

30 *Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good  
35 as my word.

*Flu.* Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and  
40 will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; 45  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An it please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction? 50

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your Majesty came not like yourself. You 55  
appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I 60  
took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap 65  
Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns;  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve 70

God, and keep you out of prawls, and prables, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

75 *Flu.* It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'T is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

80 *K. Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead numb'ed?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaught'ed French.

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Exe.* Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

85 Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

90 One hundred twenty-six; added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the  
     which,  
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd  
     knights;  
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; 95  
 The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,  
     squires,  
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead:  
 Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;  
 Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France; 100  
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ram-  
     bures;  
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir Gui-  
     chard Dauphin,  
 John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of  
     Brabant,  
 The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,  
 And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls, 105  
 Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,  
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Le-  
     strale.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!  
 Where is the number of our English dead?  
     [*Herald shows him another paper.*]  
 Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suf-  
     folk, 110  
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;  
 None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was  
here;

115 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all! When, without strategem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss  
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,  
For it is none but thine!

*Exe.* 'T is wonderful!

120 *K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village;  
And be it death proclaimed through our host  
To boast of this or take that praise from God  
Which is His only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to  
tell how many is kill'd?

125 *K. Hen.* Yes, captain, but with this acknowledge-  
ment,

That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites.

130 Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
And then to Calais; and to England then,  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy  
men.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH.

*Prologue.*

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read  
the story,  
That I may prompt them; and of such as  
have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of  
things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5  
Be here presented. Now we bear the King  
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and  
boys, 10  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-  
mouth'd sea,  
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King  
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,  
And solemnly see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought that even now 15  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne

His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city. He forbids it,  
20 Being free from vainness and self-glorious  
pride;  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent  
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and working-house of  
thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens!  
25 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;  
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
30 Were now the general of our gracious em-  
press,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland com-  
ing,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him! Much more, and much  
more cause,  
35 Did they this Harry. Now in London place  
him;  
As yet the lamentation of the French  
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—  
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
To order peace between them;—and omit  
40 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
Till Harry's back-return again to France.

There must we bring him; and myself have  
play'd

The interim, by rememb'ring you 't is past.

Then brook abridgement, and your eyes ad-  
vance

After your thoughts, straight back again to  
France. [*Exit.* 45

### SCENE I.

*France. The English camp.*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you your  
leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and  
wherefore in all things. I will tell you asse  
my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, 5  
scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol,  
which you and yourself and all the world  
know to be no petter than a fellow, look you  
now, of no merits, he is come to me and  
prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, 10  
and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place  
where I could not breed no contention with  
him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in  
my cap till I see him once again, and then I  
will tell him a little piece of my desires. 15

*Enter Pistol.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Troyan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him.*) Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, 45  
I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question, too, and ambiguities. 50

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by. 55

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray 60 you, mock at 'em; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat! 65

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you anything, I will pay you in 70 cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi'

you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

75 *Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly  
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,  
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn  
as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,  
and dare not avouch in your deeds any of  
80 your words? I have seen you gleeking and  
galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You  
thought, because he could not speak English  
in the native garb, he could not therefore  
handle an English cudgel. You find it other-  
85 wise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction  
teach you a good English condition. Fare ye  
well. [Exit.

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me  
now?

90 News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital  
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs  
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,  
And something lean to cutpurse of quick  
hand.

95 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;  
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd  
scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*France. A royal palace.*

*Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day; joy and good  
wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And, as a branch and member of this royalty, 5

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,

We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;

And, princes French, and peers, health to  
you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your  
face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met! 10

So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,



Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
15 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French that met them in their  
bent

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, and that this day  
20 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England! That  
I have labour'd,  
25 With all my wits, my pains, and strong en-  
deavours,

To bring your most imperial Majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can wit-  
ness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
30 That, face to face and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled  
Peace,

35 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas, she hath from France too long been  
     chas'd,  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in it own fertility. 40  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory 45  
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
 That should deracinate such savagery;  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly  
     forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green  
     clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50  
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility;  
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and  
     hedges,  
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness. 55  
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children  
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country;  
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60  
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
 And everything that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour

65 You are assembled; and my speech entreats  
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the  
peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfec-  
tions

70 Which you have cited, you must buy that  
peace

With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenours and particular effects

You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

*Bur.* The King hath heard them; to the which  
as yet

75 There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his an-  
swer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye

O'erglanc'd the articles. Pleaseth your Grace

To appoint some of your council presently

80 To sit with us once more, with better heed

To re-survey them, we will suddenly

Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glou-  
cester,

85 Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King;  
And take with you free power to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
 Anything in or out of our demands,  
 And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair  
 sister, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them.  
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here  
 with us: 95

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine and Alice*].

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair,  
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100  
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot  
 speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me  
 soundly with your French heart, I will be 105  
 glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your  
 English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath. Pardonnez-moi,* I cannot tell wat is "like  
 me."

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are 110  
 like an angel.

*Kath. Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

115 *K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

120 *K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.*

125 *K. Hen.* The Princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it  
130 in love, but directly to say, "I love you"; then if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

135 *Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.*

140 *K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog,

or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my 145 love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But; before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in pro- 150 testation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of 155 anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. 160 And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme 165 themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a 170 curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will

wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines  
175 bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly,  
180 I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving  
185 me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

190 *Kath.* I cannot tell wat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? ( I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. ) *Je quand sur*  
195 *le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak  
200 so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.



*Kath.* *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English: canst thou love me? 205

*Kath.* I cannot tell. 210

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dis- 215  
praise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells 220  
me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go 225  
to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to 230  
promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will

endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer  
235 you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?*

*Kath.* Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

240 *K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and un-  
245 tempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo  
250 ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst;  
255 and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take  
260 me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner

bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee  
 aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine,  
 France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is  
 thine; who, though I speak it before his face, 265  
 if he be not fellow with the best king, thou  
 shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come,  
 your answer in broken music; for thy voice  
 is music and thy English broken; therefore,  
 queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to 270  
 me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it  
 shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me. 275

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and call  
 you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma  
 foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre  
 grandeur en baisant la main d'une indigne 280  
 serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon  
 très-puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées  
 devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de 285  
 France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies  
 of France,—I cannot tell wat is *baiser* en  
 English. 290

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your Majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

*K. Hen.* It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?  
295

*Alice.* *Oui, vraiment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore,  
300 patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.  
305 Here comes your father.

*Re-enter the French Power and the English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin,  
315 how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither  
320 the voice nor the heart of flattery about me,

I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up 325 Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked 330 seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excus'd, my lord, when they 335 see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for 340 maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling which before would not abide looking on. 345

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves. 350

*K. Hen.* It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

355 *Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspective-ly, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never ent'red.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

360 *Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

365 *Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is 't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The King hath granted every article;  
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,  
370 According to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe.* Only he hath not yet subscribed this: where your Majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French,  
375 *Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*

380 *Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;  
And thereupon give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son, and from her blood  
raise up

385

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores  
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

390

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair  
France.

*Lords.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

395

[*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in  
one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a  
spousal,



400 That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,

405 Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.  
410 Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!  
[*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,  
 In little room confining mighty men,  
 Mangling by starts the full course of their  
 glory.  
 Small time, but in that small most greatly  
 lived 5  
 This star of England. Fortune made his  
 sword,  
 By which the world's best garden he achieved,  
 And of it left his son imperial lord.  
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd  
 King  
 Of France and England, did this king suc-  
 ceed; 10  
 Whose state so many had the managing,  
 That they lost France and made his Eng-  
 land bleed;  
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for  
 their sake,  
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.  
[Exit.]

## NOTES

### ABBREVIATIONS.

C.—Shakspeare in "The Cambridge Poets," ed. W. A. Neilson.

G.—Globe Edition of Shakspeare, Ed. Clark and Wright. References to other plays of Shakspeare's than *Henry V.* are according to these Editions, which are numbered alike.

N. E. D.—New English Dictionary, Ed. Murray.

### ACT I.

Prologue. In Shakspeare's time plays were often prefaced by a prologue explaining the subject matter of the plot. *Henry V.* is notable in that each act is introduced by one of these prologues, which bridge the gaps in time between the acts and give the audience necessary information of what has occurred during the intervals. They are remarkable for their sustained heroic style, far superior to that of the ordinary prologue or chorus.

6. *Port.* Carriage, bearing.

7. *Leash'd in like hounds.* Cf. *Julius Caesar*, III. i. 273, "let slip the dogs of war." According to Holinshed, Henry told the people of Rouen "that the goddesse of battell, called *Bellona*, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire and famine . . ."

8. *Gentles.* Cf. *Introd.*, p. 46, 3, b.

9. *Flat unraised spirits.* In contrast with the mounting spirit of the "Muse of fire." *Hath.* Cf. *Introd.*, p. 46, 4, a.

10. *Scaffold.* Stage.

11. *Cockpit.* Cock-fighting was a favorite Elizabethan amusement, and was carried on in a small circular area; hence the term is here used contemptuously. One of the Elizabethan theaters was named the Cockpit.

13. *This wooden O.* The circular interior of the theater in which the play was produced, either the Globe or the Curtain. *Casques.* Helmets.

16. *Attest.* Stand for. Since a cipher in small space may indicate a million.

17. *Accompt.* A spelling of "account."

18. *Imaginary forces.* Forces of imagination. Cf. "imagin'd wing," III. Prol. 1.

22. *Narrow occan.* The English Channel. Cf. "narrow seas," II. Prol. 38.

25. *Puissance.* Here and in II. ii. 191 a trisyllable; in III. Prol. 21 it is a dissyllable.

31. *For the which supply.* For which service.

I. i. The first scene prepares the audience to hear the news of the war with France, and also informs them of the difference in character between King Henry V. and the Prince Hal whose madcap escapades they had seen in *Henry IV.* It also suggests the motives which later are seen to prompt the bishops to advocate war.

I. i. 1. *Self.* Same.

I. i. 3. *Was like . . . pass'd.* Ellipsis: was likely to pass and would have passed.

I. i. 4. *Scambling.* Scrambling, unsettled.

I. i. 5. *Question.* Discussion, consideration.

I. i. 9. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 41, 2.

I. i. 15. *Lazars.* Lepers, so called from Lazarus in the parable.

I. i. 29. *Offending Adam.* "As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the King's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue." (Johnson.)

I. i. 34. *Heady currance.* Headlong current.

I. i. 35. *Nor never.* Cf. *Introd.*, p. 47, 5, a.

*Hydra-headed.* Alluding to the fable of the Lernaean Hydra, overcome by Hercules.

I. i. 36. *His.* Cf. *Introd.*, p. 44, 2, b. *All at once.* "All the rest, everything else." (Schmidt.)

I. i. 43. *List.* Listen to. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 48, 6, a.

I. i. 45. *Cause of policy.* Problem of statesmanship.

I. i. 46. *Gordian knot.* Gordius, a poor peasant who had become King of Phrygia, dedicated his wagon to the gods and tied the pole to the yoke with a knot of bark so cunningly that it could not be undone. An oracle declared that whoever should unloose the knot should reign over all Asia. Alexander the Great performed the task by cut-

ting the knot with his sword. Applied proverbially to any difficult problem.

I. i. 47. *Familiar*. An adverb. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 47, 5, b. *That*. So that.

I. i. 48. *Charter'd libertine*. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," *John* iii, 8. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 48:

"I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please."

I. i. 49. *And the mute wonder, etc.* Men are silent in wonder.

I. i. 51. *Practic*. Practical. Opposed to *theoric*, theory. Since the King was not given to study in his youth, his theoretical knowledge must have been gained from practical experience.

I. i. 54. *Addiction*. Inclination, tendency in conduct.

I. i. 55. *Companies*. Companions, with a shade of collective meaning.

I. i. 59. *Popularity*. Low society.

I. i. 63. *Obscur'd his contemplation*. Concealed under an appearance of wild behavior the observation that he was really busied in all the while.

I. i. 64. *Which*. *I. e.* his contemplation.

I. i. 66. *Crescive in his faculty*. Tending to grow in its strength.

I. i. 73. *Swaying more upon our part*. Inclining to our side.

I. i. 74. *Exhibitors*. The technical term for the introducers or movers of a bill in Parliament.

I. i. 76. *Upon our spiritual convocation*. On behalf of the assembly of the bishops and clergy.

I. i. 81. *Withal*. With.

I. i. 86. *Severals*. Details. *Unhidden passages*. Well known facts.

I. i. 89. *Edward*. Edward III., who claimed the throne of France through his mother Isabella, daughter of Philip IV.

I. i. 95. *Go we in*. Let us go in.

I. ii. This scene, which seems tedious to us, was intensely interesting to an Elizabethan audience, because it explained fully the grounds for the English claims to the French throne, which made Henry feel justified in declaring war. Shakspeare here follows Holinshed with remarkable

closeness. The plot of the churchmen to stir up war in order to distract attention from the proposal to deprive them of their temporal lands, is further developed.

I. ii. 4. *Cousin*. Not strictly used, but "a term given by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen." (Schmidt). *Would be resolved*. Desire to be thoroughly informed.

I. ii. 10. *Justly*. Exactly.

I. ii. 11. *Law Salique*. See Introd., p. 40.

I. ii. 14. *Reading*. Interpretation.

I. ii. 15. *Or nicely . . . soul*. Be so foolish as to burden your soul which really knows.

I. ii. 16. *Opening*. Examining. *Miscreate*. Illegitimate.

I. ii. 19. *Approbation of*. Proving.

I. ii. 21. *Impawn our person*. Pledge us to a course of action.

I. ii. 27. *Wrong*. Wrong-doing.

I. ii. 28. *Mortality*. Human life.

I. ii. 29. *Under this conjuration*. On the basis of this solemn appeal.

I. ii. 40. *Gloze*. Interpret.

I. ii. 46. *Charles the Great*. Charlemagne.

I. ii. 57. *Four hundred one and twenty*. Shakspeare here follows Holinshed's inaccurate subtraction. Cf. Introd., p. 39.

I. ii. 58. *Defunction*. Death.

I. ii. 66. *Heir general*. Heir to the whole kingdom.

I. ii. 72. *Find*. Provide. *Shows*. Appearances.

I. ii. 74. *Convey'd*. Passed himself off.

I. ii. 75. *Charlemain*. Not Charles the Great, but Charles the Bald.

I. ii. 82. *Lineal of*. Lineally descended from.

I. ii. 88. *Lewis his*. Cf. Introd., p. 44, 2, c.

I. ii. 93. *Hide them in a net*. Take refuge behind claims that afford no better protection than a net and are as easily seen through; or, "bury themselves in a maze of contradictions" (Moore Smith).

I. ii. 94. *Imbar*. Either bar in, defend, make secure; or bar out, exclude. Schmidt says that the word is used in the same sense as "bar" in l. 92, and interprets thus: "they strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, i. e. without restriction or subterfuge, their own false

titles." The former interpretation seems to be the better.

I. ii. 98. *In . . . Numbers.* *Numbers* xxvii. 8: "If a man die, and have no son, then shall ye cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter."

I. ii. 106. *Play'd a tragedy.* The battle of Crecy, 1346. The incident alluded to is thus described by Holinshed: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the King [Edward III.], where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill; the King demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the King) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honor thereof."

I. ii. 114. *Cold for action.* For want of action. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. v. 37, "dead for breath"; *Cymbeline*, III. vi. 17, "to sink for food."

I. ii. 118. *Renowned.* Made famous.

I. ii. 137. *Lay down our proportions.* Estimate the numbers necessary.

I. ii. 138. *Road.* Inroad.

I. ii. 139. *With all advantages.* Whenever opportunity offers.

I. ii. 140. *Marches.* Borders.

I. ii. 143. *Coursing snatchers.* Swiftly riding raiders.

I. ii. 144. *Intendment.* Intention.

I. ii. 145. *Still.* Ever; a very common use in Shakspeare.

I. ii. 148. *Unfurnish'd.* Unprotected.

I. ii. 151. *Gleaned.* Stripped of defenders. *Assays.* Attacks.

I. ii. 153. *That.* So that.

I. ii. 154. *Shook.* Cf. *Intro.*, p. 46, 4, c.

I. ii. 155. *Fear'd.* Frightened.

I. ii. 160. *Impounded as a stray.* As straying cattle are shut up in a pound.

I. ii. 161. *King of Scots.* David Bruce, taken prisoner in 1346, while Edward III. was in France.

I. ii. 165. *Sumless treasuries.* Inestimable treasures.

I. ii. 173. *Havoc.* Destroy.

I. ii. 175. *Crush'd.* "Forced, strained" (Schmidt): or, already exploded.

I. ii. 179. *Advised.* Considerate.

I. ii. 180. *For government, etc.* The various offices of



government work together for one common end, even as the voices in a part song produce harmony.

I. ii. 181. *Consent*. There is apparently some confusion of the word as thus spelled with *concent*, meaning concord, harmony, and in a figurative sense, accord. See *N. E. D.* under both spellings. Shakspeare had both meanings in mind.

I. ii. 182. *Congreeing*. Agreeing. *Close*. "The conclusion of a musical phrase, theme, or movement; a cadence." (*N. E. D.*)

I. ii. 190. *Of sorts*. Of various ranks.

I. ii. 194. *Boot*. Booty.

I. ii. 199. *Civil*. Peaceful, orderly.

I. ii. 202. *Sad-eyed*. Grave-looking.

I. ii. 203. *Executors*. Executioners.

I. ii. 207. *Several ways*. From several directions.

I. ii. 212. *Well borne*. Successfully managed.

I. ii. 216. *Gallia*. France.

I. ii. 219. *Worried*. As a bear is worried or harassed by dogs.

I. ii. 220. *Name of hardiness and policy*. Reputation for bravery and statesmanship.

I. ii. 224. *Our awe*. Awe of us.

I. ii. 225. *Or*. Either.

I. ii. 226. *Empery*. Empire, sovereignty.

I. ii. 233. *Not . . . . epitaph*. Not honored with an epitaph even of wax, one of the least durable of materials, much less one of stone.

I. ii. 242. *Grace*. Virtue.

I. ii. 243. *Is*. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 46, 4, a.

I. ii. 252. *Galliard*. A lively dance.

I. ii. 255. *Tun of treasure*. The stage direction of *The Famous Victories* reads, "He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles."

I. ii. 263. *Hazard*. The name of one part of a tennis court; a stroke into the hazard would be a winning stroke. There is also a pun on the ordinary meaning of the word, as is the case with *courts* and *chaces* below.

I. ii. 264. *Wrangler*. Opponent.

I. ii. 266. *Chaces*. Chace seems to have been used both as the name of a kind of stroke and as the point gained by such a stroke. Shakspeare uses it in a loose sense as equivalent to game or match.

I. ii. 267. *Comes o'er*. Taunts.

I. ii. 269ff. Henry is making an ironical contrast be-

tween the value he seems to have placed on the throne of England during the wild days of his youth and that which he intends to place upon the throne of France.

I. ii. 274. *Show my sail of greatness.* Display myself in all my glory, like a ship under full sail.

I. ii. 282. *Gun-stones.* The first cannon balls were of stone.

I. ii. 300. *Happy hour.* Suitable occasion.

I. ii. 304. *Proportions.* Levies, forces.

I. ii. 307. *God before.* God going before as guide and helper.

II. Prologue. This fills the interval in time between Acts I and II by describing the preparations for the war, and the treason of the three English lords, the heinousness of which is emphasized and its punishment announced.

2. *Silken dalliance.* The silk clothing suitable for court is laid aside in favor of armor, and with it courtly dalliance.

7. *Winged heels.* Alluding to the winged sandals of Mercury.

9. *Hilts.* We use the singular, but the plural form was commonly used by Shakspeare, and was suggested by the projection on either side of the blade of the single bar of steel that formed the guard. The artistic representation of victory in war by a crown-encircled sword was frequent and there was actually such a wood-cut in the first edition of Holinshed, which Shakspeare may have had in mind.

12. *Advis'd.* Informed.

14. *Policy.* In its bad sense of intrigue, underhand scheming.

18. *Would thee do.* Would desire thee to do.

19. *Kind.* Almost synonymous with natural, in its sense of being true to nature and kinship.

26. *Gilt . . . guilt.* For the pun, cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. v. 129, "England shall double gild his treble guilt," and *Macbeth*, II. ii. 56, "I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt."

28. *Grace of kings.* Noblest ornament of the kingly title, practically equivalent to noblest of kings.

31. *Linger . . . on.* Prolong. *We'll digest . . . distance.* We will satisfactorily dispose of the abuse of stage conventions as to distance in the transference of the scene from London to Southampton.

## NOTES

32. *Force a play.* We will "force events to adjust themselves to the requirements and compass of a drama." (Evans).

35. *Gentles.* Cf. I. Prol. 8, and note.

39. *Pass.* Passage.

40. *We'll not . . . play.* We'll guarantee that no one shall be sea-sick while we are taking him across the channel, and that there is nothing in this play to offend any one's taste.

41. *Till.* When.

II. i. The group of comic characters with whom the audience had become acquainted in 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* are reintroduced with the addition of Nym, but with the exception of the most popular of all, Falstaff, for the announcement of whose death the scene prepares. The characters of Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym are perfectly differentiated. The first conceals a thievish and not over valorous disposition under the exterior of a bluff, hard-swearing soldier; Pistol is a swaggering coward, whose speech is largely made up of scraps picked up at the theater, and big sounding words unintelligently used; Nym is absurdly dark and mysterious, saying little but hinting much, and given to the use of almost meaningless formulas.

The group as a whole has no effect on the main action of the play, and the scenes in which they occur are an illustration of the practice of Shakspeare in his later histories of lightening the serious action with what is almost independent comedy.

II. i. 3. *Ancient.* Ensign. Sometimes spelled *Aunchient.*

II. i. 8. *Wink.* Shut my eyes. *Iron.* Sword.

II. i. 14. *To France.* For omission of verb of motion, cf. *Introd.*, p. 46, 4, d.

II. i. 18. *Rest.* Determination.

II. i. 19. *Rendezvous.* That's what it all comes to.

II. i. 22. *Troth-plight.* Betrothed.

II. i. 24. *Men may sleep . . . edges.* One of Nym's dark hints, expressive of what might happen to Pistol.

II. i. 28. *Conclusions.* There must be an end to everything.

II. i. 33. *Tike.* Cur.

II. i. 41. *Lady.* An oath by the Virgin. *Be not drawn.* Has not drawn his sword.

II. i. 47. *Iceland dog.* Dogs from Iceland were common

pets in Elizabethan England, but there is no special signification in Pistol's taunt.

II. i. 50. *Shog*. A form of jog.

II. i. 51. *Solus*. Nym uses the word comprehendingly, but Pistol, in his ignorance of Latin, takes it as some strange insult.

II. i. 55. *Maw*. Stomach. *Perdy*. A corruption of the French oath *par Dieu*.

II. i. 58. Pistol is here, of course, punning on his name.

II. i. 60. *Barbason*. The name of a devil. *Conjure*. You cannot scare me with your unintelligible lingo.

II. i. 61. *Humour*. Inclination.

II. i. 63. *Scour*. More punning on Pistol's name. Nym will run Pistol through as one would scour a pistol-barrel, grown foul from shooting.

II. i. 69. *Exhale*. Breathe your last; or perhaps, draw your sword.

II. i. 73. *Mickle*. Great.

II. i. 75. *Tall*. Brave.

II. i. 78. *Couple a gorge*. Pistolesse French for *couper la gorge*.

II. i. 80. *Hound of Crete*. Rather indefinite in meaning like *Iceland dog* above.

II. i. 81. *Spital*. Hospital.

II. i. 82. *Powdering tub*. A tub used for powdering or salting meat; the treatment for certain diseases was sweating in a heated tub.

II. i. 83. *Lazar kite of Cressid's kind*. Shakspeare later dramatized the story of the Trojan Troilus and the Greek maiden Cressida, who was false to her lover. According to Henryson's sequel to Chaucer's version of the story Cressida was punished with leprosy for her faithlessness. *Kite* was used as a term of reproach for a loose woman.

II. i. 85. *Quondam*. Former.

II. i. 86. *She*. For similar use of "she" for "woman," cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 259, "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive," and *As You Like It*, III. ii. 10, "The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she." *Pauca*. I. e. "pauca verba," few words.

II. i. 87. *Go to*. A contemptuous expression, as we would say "Get out."

II. i. 92. *Warming-pan*. The fiery color of Bardolph's face furnishes the point of many a jest in this play and in

*Henry IV. Ill.* A stronger word in Shakspeare's time than now, implying actual bodily suffering.

II. i. 95. *The King has kill'd his heart.* Broken his heart by casting him off. See the close of 2 *Henry IV.*

II. i. 96. *Presently.* At once.

II. i. 108. *Compound.* Settle the bill.

II. i. 113. *An. If.*

II. i. 117. *Noble.* Eight shillings and sixpence. *Present.* Immediate.

II. i. 121. *Sutler.* A camp follower who sells provisions.

II. i. 125. *Justly.* Exactly.

II. i. 129. *Quotidian tertian.* One of Mrs. Quickly's frequent blunders. In a quotidian fever the fits occur daily, in a tertian every third day.

II. i. 135. *Fracted.* Broken. *Corroborate.* Pistol did not know the meaning of the word but used it because it sounded well.

II. i. 137. *Some humours and careers.* Some queer courses of action.

II. ii. This scene continues the glorification of the King's character by depicting the cleverness with which he forces the traitors to open confession and to pronouncing judgment on themselves (an idea which is Shakspeare's own), and his disavowal of personal malice against them.

II. ii. 2. *By and by.* Presently.

II. ii. 8. *Bedfellow.* For a nobleman to be invited to

share the King's bed was naturally a sign of high favor.

II. ii. 14. *Gentle.* Noble, of gentle birth.

II. ii. 18. *Head.* Armed force.

II. ii. 22. *Grows not in a fair consent.* Is not in perfect agreement.

II. ii. 23. *Nor . . . not.* For double negative, cf. *Introd.*, p. 47, 5, a.

II. ii. 31. *Create.* A past participle. Cf. *miscreate*, I. ii. 16.

II. ii. 34. *Quittance.* Requit.

II. ii. 40. *Enlarge.* Release.

II. ii. 43. *On his more advice.* On his thinking the matter over further.

II. ii. 44. *Security.* Confidence, carelessness.

II. ii. 46. *By his sufferance.* By suffering him to go unpunished.

II. ii. 53. *Orisons.* Petitions.

II. ii. 54. *On distemper.* From physical disturbance. Distemper was used of any disorder of mind or body.

II. ii. 61. *Late.* Lately appointed.

II. ii. 79. *Quick.* Living.

II. ii. 86. *Apt . . . to accord.* Ready to consent.

II. ii. 87. *All appertinents.* Everything that appertained.

II. ii. 90. *Practices.* Plots.

II. ii. 99. *Practis'd on.* Conspired against.

II. ii. 103. *Gross.* Apparent, easily perceived.

II. ii. 107-8. *Working . . . at them.* Working together in a common cause with such obvious, natural propriety that their companionship never excited a cry of wonder.

II. ii. 109. *'Gainst all proportion.* Contrary to all fitness.

II. ii. 113. *Voice.* Verdict, vote.

II. ii. 114. *Suggest.* Tempt. The general sense of ll. 114-120 is, this: Other devils, when they tempt a man to commit treason, clumsily try to conceal the damnable nature of the act (*botch and bungle up damnation*) by giving it an appearance of piety; but the devil that moulded (*temper'd*) thee to his purpose, simply ordered thee to stand up to do his service, and gave thee no better reason why thou shouldst do treason than that thou mightst be called a traitor.

II. ii. 121. *Gull'd.* Deceived.

II. ii. 122. *Lion gait.* 1 Peter, v. 8: "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

II. ii. 123. *Tartar.* Tartarus, the hell of classical mythology.

II. ii. 124. *Legions.* I. e., of devils. Cf. Mark, v. 9: "My name is legion."

II. ii. 126. *Jealousy.* Suspicion.

II. ii. 127. *Affiance.* Confidence, trust. *Show.* Appear.

II. ii. 133. *Swerving with the blood.* Swayed by passion.

II. ii. 134. *Modest complement.* Outward appearance of modesty; or, a complete set of all those qualities that make for moderation.

II. ii. 135. *Not . . . neither.* Not trusting the evidence of the eye unless it was supported by that of the ear, and trusting neither of these until the evidence had been subjected to scrutiny by the reason.



II. ii. 137. *Bolted*. Sifted, *i. e.*, purged of all undesirable qualities.

II. ii. 139. *Full-fraught*. Fully equipped. *Best indued*. Endowed with all virtues.

II. ii. 151. *Discover'd*. Revealed.

II. ii. 154. *Which*. Referring to *fault*.

II. ii. 158. Cambridge's real reason for joining in the conspiracy was that he hoped, when Henry was out of the way, the throne would fall to his wife's brother, the Earl of March.

II. ii. 167. *Quit*. Acquit, pardon.

II. ii. 170. *Earnest*. A part paid beforehand as a pledge.

II. ii. 176. *Tender*. Regard, hold dear.

II. ii. 182. *Dear*. Grievous. The adjective was used of anything that concerned one nearly.

II. ii. 189. *Rub*. Obstacle; in the game of bowls a rub was any obstacle that turned the ball from its course.

II. ii. 191. *Puissance*. For pronunciation, cf. *Introd.*, p. 42, 6.

II. ii. 193. *The signs of war advance*. Raise the standards.

II. iii. Certainly one of the most daring and most perfect scenes in all drama in its combination of humor and pathos. The most striking thing about it is its simplicity and naturalness: each character speaks in his or her own peculiar fashion; Mrs. Quickly makes her customary errors, Bardolph is twitted about his red nose, Pistol rants as usual. Yet there is the most poignant appeal to our sympathies as we thus bid Falstaff a last farewell. Like II. i., it has no influence upon the main plot.

II. iii. 1. *Bring*. Accompany.

II. iii. 3. *Yearn*. Grieve.

II. iii. 10. *Arthur's bosom*. 'Mrs. Quickly's rendering of "Abraham's bosom." Cf. the parable of Lazarus.

II. iii. 12. *Christom*. Chrisom, or christening robe. A chrisom child was one in its first month, still wearing the white garment in which it was baptized; hence, an innocent child.

II. iii. 13. *At the turning o' the tide*. It was an old superstition that death came when the tide was at its lowest ebb.

II. iii. 18. *'A babbled of green fields*. The most famous of all Shakspearean emendations, made by Theobald. *F<sub>1</sub>* reads: "and a Table of greene fields." Various other readings have



been proposed, but this is supported by "play with flowers," and is in the most perfect accord with the rest of the description. 'A. He; a dialect form.

II. iii. 31. *Of sack.* Against sack, Falstaff's favorite drink.

II. iii. 49. *Shog.* Cf. II. i. 50, note.

II. iii. 53. *Senses.* Common sense. "*Pitch and Pay.*" Lay down your money, no credit given; proverbial.

II. iii. 55. *Faiths are wafer-cakes.* Oaths are as easily broken as thin cakes.

II. iii. 56. *Hold-fast is the only dog.* The proverb runs, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better."

II. iii. 57. *Caveto.* Be cautious.

II. iii. 58. *Clear thy crystals.* Wipe your eyes.

II. iii. 66. *Keep close.* Don't go gadding round.

II. iv. The King is here exalted by putting his praise into the mouths of the French themselves. The preliminaries to the war are here concluded, and we are ready for the main action. The elaborateness of Shakspeare's preliminary exposition of the King's virtues is an indication of the extent to which his personality is to be the main theme of the play.

II. iv. 1. *Comes.* Cf. *Introd.*, p. 46, 4, a.

II. iv. 5. *Make.* Go, as often.

II. iv. 7. *Line.* Strengthen.

II. iv. 8. *Defendant.* Of defence.

II. iv. 9. *England.* The King of England.

II. iv. 10. *Gulf.* Whirlpool.

II. iv. 13. *Fatal and neglected.* Fatally neglected, fatal because neglected.

II. iv. 17. *Nor no.* Double negative.

II. iv. 19. The three verbs correspond respectively to the three nouns in the preceding line.

II. iv. 20. *As were.* As if a war were.

II. iv. 25. *Whitsun morris dance.* The morris was a dance in which the performers were variously and fantastically attired in ribbon, bells and other trinkets, and which came to be associated with the festivities of May-day and Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter. The word *morris* is supposed to be connected with "Moorish," as indicating a somewhat doubtful origin of the dance.

II. iv. 28. *Humourous.* Ruled by whims, capricious.

II. iv. 34. *Modest in exception.* Moderate in taking exception.

II. iv. 37. *Brutus*. When perfecting his plans to drive the Tarquins from Rome, Brutus, the better to conceal his purpose, feigned madness.

II. iv. 45ff. In this way the forces necessary for defence are made up, which, if planned on a niggardly scale, would be inadequate, even as a coat is spoiled by a stingy tailor who does not allow cloth enough.

II. iv. 50. *Flesh'd*. Made fierce by feeding on flesh, as dogs are encouraged by being fed with flesh of the game they are hunting.

II. iv. 51. *Strain*. Breed, race.

II. iv. 57 ff. Cf. I. ii. 106 ff., and note.

II. iv. 64. *Fate*. What he is destined to do.

II. iv. 67. *Present*. Instant.

II. iv. 70. *Spend their mouths*. Bay.

II. iv. 71. *Good my*. My good; the possessive has become so closely associated with the noun that the adjective has been forced out of its regular position.

II. iv. 80. *Longs*. Belongs; note singular form.

II. iv. 85. *Sinister . . . awkward*. Left-handed . . . back-handed; hence both are practically equivalent to illegitimate.

II. iv. 88. *Memorable line*. Pedigree which calls to memory his claims to the throne of France.

II. iv. 90. *Willing you*. Desiring you to. For omission of *to* see Introd., p. 47, 4, f.

II. iv. 91. *Evenly*. Directly.

II. iv. 94. *Indirectly*. Unjustly; contrasted with *evenly*.

II. iv. 95. *Challenger*. Claimant.

II. iv. 101. *Requiring*. Asking; not so forcible a word as now.

II. iv. 102. *Bowels of the Lord*. A Biblical phrase; the compassion of the Lord.

II. iv. 124. *Womby vaultages*. Hollow caverns.

II. iv. 126. *Second accent*. Echo.

II. iv. 132. *Louvre*. The royal palace.

II. iv. 133. *Mistress court*. The chief court, whether for tennis or of a king.

II. iv. 136. *Greener*. Younger, cruder.

II. iv. 137. *Masters*. Possesses, with an idea of making the best use of, as opposed to the frivolity of his "greener days."

II. iv. 143. *Footed*. Landed.

III. Prologue 1. *Imagin'd wing*. Wing of imagination.  
Cf. I. Prol. 18.

4. *Appointed*. Equipped.

5. *Brave*. Making a gallant show.

14. *Rivage*. Banks. A collective formation in-age which appears again in *sternage*, l. 18, and *portage*, III. i. 10.

18. *Sternage*. Sterns.

20. *With*. By. This is a common usage in Shakspeare.  
Cf. Introd., p. 48, 6, c.

32. *Likes*. Pleases.

33. *Linstock*. Stick to hold the gunner's match.

S. D. *Chambers*. Small cannon. It was such a discharge that caused the burning of the Globe theater in 1613.

III. i. This is the first of several splendid pictures of Henry as a soldier, a name that in his thoughts became him best, as he says in III. iii. 6. Beyond this displaying of the hero, the scene merely indicates the progress of the campaign.

III. i. 4. *Modest*. Moderate.

III. i. 9. *Aspect*. For accent see Introd., p. 42, 6.

III. i. 10. *Portage*. Portholes.

III. i. 11. *O'erwhelm*. Project over.

III. i. 12. *Galled*. Worn.

III. i. 13. *Jutty*. Project over. *His*. See Introd., p. 44, 2, b. *Confounded*. Destroyed, wave-worn.

III. i. 14. *Swill'd*. Washed.

III. i. 17. *Noblest*. Noblest in blood, as distinguished from yeomen below.

III. i. 18. *Fet*. Fetched. *Of war-proof*. Proved in war.

III. i. 21. *Argument*. Matter for a fight, *i. e.* opposition.

III. i. 27. *Mettle of your pasture*. Quality of your feeding.

III. i. 31. *Slips*. Leashes, from which the hounds were let slip when game was started.

III. i. 32. *Upon the start*. To bring about the start.

III. i. 34. There are two battle-cries in this line.

III. ii. This scene, with its introduction of English, Welsh, Scotch and Irish soldiers, illustrates the enthusiastic union of soldiers from all parts of the British Isles under Henry's leadership. The dialect peculiarities are introduced for comic effect, and are not carried through with any great consistency.

III. ii. 5. *Case of lives*. Set of lives. A case of pistols or rapiers is a pair.

III. ii. 6. *Plain-song*. The simple melody without variations. That's the plain truth about the matter.

III. ii. 8, etc. These may be snatches of popular songs of the day.

III. ii. 22. *Cullions*. Base wretches.

III. ii. 23. *Men of mould*. Men made of earth, poor mortal men.

III. ii. 26. *Bawcock*. Fine fellow. Fr. *beau coq*.

III. ii. 30. *Swashers*. Swash-bucklers, swaggerers.

III. ii. 33. *Antics*. Buffoons.

III. ii. 34. *White-liver'd*. Cowardly.

III. ii. 35. 'A. Dialect pronunciation of he.

III. ii. 46. *Purchase*. Thieves' slang for booty of any sort.

III. ii. 51. *Carry coals*. Submit to any degrading service or affront.

III. ii. 56. *Pocketing up of wrongs*. Cf. our expression "to pocket an insult."

III. ii. 68. *Discuss*. Tell.

III. ii. 69. *Under the countermines*. What Fluellen really means is that the French had dug countermines four yards under the English mines.

III. ii. 77. *Be*. Subjunctive of indirect discourse.

III. ii. 94. *God-den*. Good evening.

III. ii. 97. *Pioners*. Pioneers, who made roads, dug mines, threw up fortifications, etc.

III. ii. 115. *Quit*. Requite, give you answering arguments.

III. ii. 116. *Marry*. An oath by the Virgin Mary; cf. *Lady*, II. i. 41.

III. ii. 120. *Beseech'd*. Besieged.

III. ii. 127. *Mess*. Mass, the church service.

III. ii. 129. *Lig*. Lie.

III. ii. 131. *Breff*. Brief, short.

III. ii. 137. The hot-headed Macmorris takes the mere mention of his nation as an insult.

III. ii. 155. *More better*. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 45. 3, a. But this may be meant for Fluellen's broken English.

III. iii. 2. *Latest parle*. Last parley.

III. iii. 11. *Flesh'd*. Cf. *id.* iv. 50, note.

III. iii. 16. *Like to*. In the shape of.

III. iii. 24. *Bootless*. An adverb; vainly.

III. iii. 26. *Precepts*. According to Schmidt, when the word means mandates, commands, as here, the accent is on the second syllable. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 42, 6.

III. iii. 31. *O'erblows*. Blows away. *Contagious*. It was a common idea in Shakspeare's time that contagion was carried in cloud or mist.

III. iii. 32. *Heady*. Headlong. Cf. I. i. 34.

III. iii. 41. The slaughter of the innocents, described in *Matthew*, ii. 16-18.

III. iii. 46. *Returns us that his powers*. Sends us back word that his forces.

III. iii. 50. *Defensible*. With an active meaning, able to defend ourselves.

III. iii. 58. *Adrest*. Prepared.

III. iv. The authenticity of this scene has been doubted by several critics, but there is no good reason for supposing that Shakspeare did not write it. As Johnson says of it: "The scene is indeed mean enough when it is read; but the grimaces of the two French women, and the accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert on the stage." In other words it is a distinctly comic scene, the whole point of which would be lost if the ladies did not speak in French, the feature to which objection has chiefly been raised. Moreover, it gives a rather pleasing picture of the young French princess in her desire to be able to converse in his own language with her royal lover, for she must be aware of the offer of her hand to Henry. Finally, from the standpoint of dramatic construction, it serves to introduce a character with whom the audience ought to be acquainted before the final scene in which she plays an important part.

The translation follows:

*Kath.* Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well.

*Alice.* A little, madame.

*Kath.* Teach me, I beg you; I must learn to speak. What do you call *la main* in English?

*Alice.* *La main*? It is called de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. And *les doigts*?

*Alice.* *Les doigts*? My faith, I forget *les doigts*; but I shall remember. *Les doigts*? I think that they are called de fingres; yes, de fingres.

*Kath.* *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. I think that I am a good scholar; I have learned two words of English quickly. What do you call *les ongles*?

*Alice.* *Les ongles?* We call them de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Listen; tell me if I speak well: de hand, de fingres, and de nails.

*Alice.* That is well said, madame; it is very good English.

*Kath.* Tell me the English for *le bras*.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* And *le coude?*

*Alice.* D'elbow.

*Kath.* D'elbow. I will repeat all the words you have taught me up to now.

*Alice.* It is too difficult, madame, I think.

*Kath.* Excuse me, Alice; listen: D'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arma, de bilbow.

*Alice.* D'elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Lord, I forget! D'elbow. What do you call *le col?*

*Alice.* De nick, madame.

*Kath.* De nick. And *le menton?*

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. *Le col*, de nick; *le menton*, de sin.

*Alice.* Yes. Saving your presence, truly you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England.

*Kath.* I do not doubt that I shall learn, by God's grace, and in a short time.

*Alice.* Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?

*Kath.* No; I will recite to you promptly: d'hand, de fingres, de mails,——

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

*Alice.* Saving your presence, de elbow.

*Kath.* So I said; d'elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe?*

*Alice.* De foot, madame; and de coun.

*Kath.* De foot and de coun. O Lord, these are words of bad, corrupt, coarse, and immodest sound, and not to be used by honorable ladies. I will recite once more my whole lesson: d'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame!

*Kath.* That is enough for one time: let us go to dinner.

III. v. The contempt here expressed for the English by the French is in strong contrast with their sufficiently hum-



ble attitude after the battle, and with the piety and mutual affection displayed in the English camp.

III. v. 5. *O Dieu vivant!* O living God!

III. v. 6. *Luxury.* Lust.

III. v. 7. *Scions.* Shoots, cuttings, grafts.

III. v. 8. *Spirt.* Sprout.

III. v. 11. *Mort de ma vie.* Death of my life!

III. v. 13. *Slobbery.* Wet and dirty, sloppy.

III. v. 14. *Nook-shotten.* Either shooting out into many necks and capes, full of nooks; or shot off into a remote corner of the world. The latter seems preferable, as being more contemptuous.

III. v. 15. *Dieu de batailles!* God of battles! *Batailles* has three syllables here.

III. v. 18. *Sodden.* Boiled. *Sodden water* and *barley-broth* are scornful terms for beer.

III. v. 19. *Sur-rein'd.* Over-ridden.

III. v. 20. *Decoet.* Heat.

III. v. 26. *Them.* The rich fields of France.

III. v. 29. *Bred out.* Degenerated through successive breedings.

III. v. 33. *Lavoltas.* A dance which involved a good deal of high jumping. *Corantos.* Also a lively dance, but more gliding.

III. v. 39. *More sharper.* See *Introd.*, p. 45, 3, a.

III. v. 47. For the sake of your high positions clear yourselves from great shame.

III. v. 52. *Rheum.* Moisture.

III. v. 60. *For achievement.* As his chief exploit.

III. vi. This scene falls into two parts. The first is merely a continuation of the comic dialogue used to lighten the heroics of the main action; the second serves to emphasize the cocksureness of the French and the quiet restraint of the English king.

III. vi. 7. *Agamemnon.* Leader of the Greeks in the war against Troy.

III. vi. 15. *Mark Antony.* Cæsar's friend and avenger; later one of the three Romans who ruled the world.

III. vi. 16. *Estimation.* Reputation.

III. vi. 20. *Aunchient.* The spelling indicates the Elizabethan pronunciation of *ancient*, ensign.

III. vi. 28. *Buxom.* Brisk; the earlier meaning was bending, supple, and there is considerable unintentional humor on Pistol's part in applying to Bardolph's valor an



adjective which describes it so much more accurately than the sense in which Pistol takes *buxom*.

III. vi. 43. There was an old ballad entitled "Fortune, my foe!"

III. vi. 44. *Pax*. A small tablet stamped with a figure of Christ on the cross, which was offered to the congregation to be kissed at one point in the mass. *Pax* is the Folio reading, but in Holinshed the object of the theft was a *pix* (pyx), the casket in which was kept the consecrated wafer.

III. vi. 62. *Figo*. Same as *fig of Spain* below. The "*fig*" was an insulting gesture borrowed from Spain.

III. vi. 77. *Learn*. Teach, tell.

III. vi. 79. *Sconce*. Small round fortification.

III. vi. 80. *Bravely*. Finely.

III. vi. 82. *Stood on*. Held out for. *Con*. Learn by heart.

III. vi. 85. *Beard of the general's cut*. There were several well recognized fashions of trimming the beard, and certain professions seem to have adopted certain shapes. *Horrid*. Rough.

III. vi. 88. *Slanders of the age*. Slanders on their time.

III. vi. 90. *Mistook*. See *Intro.*, p. 46, 4, c.

III. vi. 111. *Perdition*. Loss.

III. vi. 116. *Bubukles*. Pimples.

III. vi. 117. *Whelks*. Boils.

III. vi. 130. *S. D. Tucket*. Signal on the trumpet. *Montjoy*. The official name of the French herald of highest rank.

III. vi. 131. *Habit*. Coat; in the case of a herald this was sleeveless and richly adorned.

III. vi. 133. *Of*. From. Cf. *Intro.*, p. 48, 6, c.

III. vi. 138. *Advantage*. Watching for favorable opportunity.

III. vi. 142. *Upon our cue*. The proper time has come for us to speak; a figure from Shakspeare's own profession of actor.

III. vi. 144. *Admire our sufferance*. Wonder at our patience.

III. vi. 148. *Re-answer*. Make amends.

III. vi. 149. *Pettiness*. Small resources.

III. vi. 159. *Quality*. Profession.

III. vi. 164. *Impeachment*. Hindrance. *Sooth*. Truth.

III. vi. 166. *Of . . . vantage*. Having the advantage.

III. vi. 178. *God before*. Cf. I. ii. 307, note.

III. vi. 189. *Deliver*. Report.

III. vii. This depiction of the supercilious contempt of the French for the English, inferior in numbers, poorly equipped and worn by hard campaigning, serves, of course, to increase the glory of Henry's victory, and the caricature of the French nobility must have tickled mightily the Elizabethan sense of humor and national prejudice. The punning and capping of proverbs, which strike us as rather flat, were regular features of the conversation of Shakspeare's day, when ingenuity of repartee was part of a courtier's equipment for social success.

III. vii. 13. *Pasterns*. The pastern is that part of a horse's leg between the fetlock and the joint next above it.

III. vii. 14. *Hairs*. Tennis balls were then stuffed with hair. *Le cheval volant*. The flying horse, *i. e.* Pegasus, l. 15.

III. vii. 15. *Chez les narines de feu!* With nostrils of fire.

III. vii. 19. *Pipe of Hermes*. The shepherd's pipe invented by Hermes.

III. vii. 23. *Dull elements*. It was formerly believed that all things were compounded of the four elements—air, fire, earth, and water, and that the higher the form of life the more of the first two elements it contained.

III. vii. 28. *Absolute*. Perfect.

III. vii. 38. *Argument*. Subject.

III. vii. 67. *Fac'd out of my way*. Outfaced, put to shame.

III. vii. 71. *Go to hazard*. Risk a wager. Hazard is, in the next line, used in its ordinary sense.

III. vii. 85. *Still*. Ever.

III. vii. 97, 98. *Hooded . . . bate*. A pun based on terms of the popular sport of falconry. The hawk was kept hooded until it was allowed to fly at its game; as soon as the hood was removed the bird flapped its wings, or *baited*. The pun is with the regular meaning of *bate*, to abate, to dwindle.

III. vii. 106. *A pox of*. Like our "Plague take."

III. vii. 119. *Peevish*. Silly, childish.

III. vii. 120. *Mope*. Act without thought. *Fat-brain'd*. Stupid.

III. vii. 122. *Apprehension*. Understanding, intelligence.

III. vii. 130. *Winking*. With their eyes shut. Bear-baiting was a very popular sport, particularly with the lower classes.

III. vii. 135. *Sympathize*. Are of the same disposition.

III. vii. 141. *Shrewdly*. Cursedly.

III. vii. 144. *Stomachs*. With a pun on *stomach* in the sense of courage.

IV. In the fourth act we come at last to the battle field. First we have a picture of the English camp the night before the battle, contrasting with the last scene of Act III.; then two scenes of contrast between the two camps in the morning, immediately before the battle; then four scenes on the field, and lastly the announcement of complete victory. In this act the play reaches its climax.

IV. Prologue. This contains some of the finest description in the play, in few lines differentiating sharply the appearance and attitude of the two camps and exalting the soldier King.

1. *Entertain conjecture*. Picture to yourselves.

2. *Poring*. That makes men pore, strain their eyes, to see.

5. *Stilly*. Softly.

8. *Paly*. Cf. *vasty*.

9. *Battle*. Battalion, army. *Umber'd*. Darkened, shaded in the fire-light. Umber was used by actors to stain the skin; cf. *As You Like It*, I. iii. 114, where Celia says, "And with a kind of umber smirch my face."

12. *Accomplishing*. Putting the finishing touches on.

13. *Rivets*. The helmet had to be riveted to the body armor after it was donned by the knight.

14. *Preparation*. Five syllables. See *Introd.*, p. 43, 6.

17. *Secure*. Confident.

18. *Over-lusty*. Over-merry.

19. *Play at dice*. Holinshed says, "The soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."

25. *Gesture*. Bearing.

26. *Investing*. "Giving an air of sadness to" (Innes).

36. *Enrounded*. Surrounded.

38. *All-watched*. Spent in watching.

39. *Freshly*. See *Introd.*, p. 47, 5, c. *Over-bears at-taint*. Represses the effects of anxiety and exhaustion.

45. *Mean and gentle all*. Those of low or of high birth.

46. *As may unworthiness define*. In so far as their coarser natures can appreciate it.

47. *Touch*. Slight description; or, better, a dash, smack.

50. *Four or five most vile and ragged foils*. Sir Philip

Sidney, in his *Defense of Poesy*, has the same contemptuous attitude toward the inadequacy of stage battles: "Two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

53. *Minding true things.* Getting the realities into your minds.

IV. i. This scene, besides giving us one of the most poetical speeches in the play, is the finest example that we have of Shakspeare's prose style, strong, supple, and picturesque. The King's character is further idealized by the piety exhibited in his prayer, an idea which is Shakspeare's own.

IV. i. 10. *Dress us.* Prepare ourselves.

IV. i. 16. *Likes.* Pleases. Cf. III. Prol. 32.

IV. i. 19. *Upon example.* By comparison with the pains of others.

IV. i. 23. *Casted slough.* Cast off, as is its skin, or slough, by a snake. *Legerity.* Lightness, nimbleness.

IV. i. 27. *Desire.* Invite.

IV. i. 34. *God-a-mercy.* God have mercy; almost equivalent to gramercy, thank-you.

IV. i. 35. *Qui va là?* Who goes there?

IV. i. 38. *Common, and popular.* One of the common people.

IV. i. 40. *Trail'st . . . pike.* On the march, since the pike was long and heavy, it was held just below the head, while the foot was allowed to trail on the ground.

IV. i. 42. The head of the Holy Roman Empire was, nominally at least, the greatest secular prince of the world.

IV. i. 44. *Bawcock.* Cf. III. ii. 26, note.

IV. i. 45. *Imp.* Scion, shoot.

IV. i. 51. *Welshman.* He was born at Monmouth, on the Welsh border, in a county practically Welsh.

IV. i. 55. *St. Davy's Day.* On March first the Welsh wore the leek in memory of a battle won over the Saxons by the Welsh under the lead of St. David, who had, on that occasion, commanded his followers to wear leeks in their caps.

IV. i. 60. *Figo.* Cf. III. vi. 62, note.

IV. i. 63. *Sorts.* Fits, agrees.

IV. i. 83. *Conscience.* Inmost thought—not moral.

IV. i. 90. *Be.* Cf. III. ii. 77, note.

IV. i. 107. *Element.* Sky. *Shows.* Appears.

IV. i. 111. *His affections are higher mounted.* His feelings are of a finer grade.

IV. i. 112. *Stoop.* Become depressed. *Mount* and *stoop* are terms of falconry; the hawk was said to stoop when descending on its prey.

IV. i. 122, 3. *At all adventures.* Come what would.

IV. i. 129. *A many.* Though the use of the article with "many" has gone out, we still say "a few."

IV. i. 148. *Upon.* About.

IV. i. 150. *Rawly.* Unprovided for. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 26: "Why in that rawness left you wife and child?"

IV. i. 152. *Charitably.* In charity, love.

IV. i. 153. *Argument.* What they have to do with.

IV. i. 155. *Who.* See *Introd.*, p. 44, 2, a.

IV. i. 156. *Against all proportion of subjection.* Contrary to what is becoming in subjects.

IV. i. 159. *Sinfully miscarry.* Die in a state of sin.

IV. i. 165. *Irreconcil'd.* For which he has not become reconciled with Heaven.

IV. i. 176. *Contrived.* Plotted.

IV. i. 179. *Bulwark.* Enlisted in order to escape the penalty for their crimes.

IV. i. 182. *Native.* At home.

IV. i. 184. *Beadle.* A messenger, who summons persons to appear in court.

IV. i. 187. *The death.* The article gives the force of judicial punishment.

IV. i. 190. *Unprovided.* Unprepared.

IV. I. 217. *Elder-gun.* Pop-gun.

IV. i. 223. *Round.* Plain-spoken, direct.

IV. i. 236. *Take.* Give. It was used of the transfer of anything, either way.

IV. i. 247. *Crowns.* A pun on the double meaning of *crown* as a coin and the head. The French may lay odds of twenty to one, since they so many times outnumber the English. Since coins were not milled it was a common practice to pare or clip their edges. Such debasing of the coinage was treason, but for Englishmen to clip French coins, or to cut off French heads, is no treason against England; hence Henry proposes to do some clipping on his own account.

IV. i. 252. *Careful.* Anxious.

IV. i. 256, 7. *Whose sense . . . wringing.* Who is sensitive only to his own petty suffering.

IV. i. 266. *Thy soul of adoration.* The soul, *i. e.* the essential nature, of the adoration paid thee.

IV. i. 275. *Blown.* Breathed.

IV. i. 276. *Flexure.* Same as *bending.*

IV. i. 280. *Find.* Find out.

IV. i. 281. *Balm.* The consecrated oil with which a king is anointed at his coronation. *Ball.* The orb carried in the king's left hand, as the sceptre in the right, both emblems of sovereignty.

IV. i. 282. *Sword . . . mace.* These were carried before the king in a procession, as symbols of authority.

IV. i. 283. *Intertissued.* Interwoven with gold and pearls.

IV. i. 284. *Farced.* Stuffed with high-sounding phrases.

IV. i. 291. *Distressful.* Got by distressing labor.

IV. i. 295. *Elysium.* The abode of the blessed spirits in classical mythology.

IV. i. 296. *Hyperion.* The sun-god. The peasant rises before the sun.

IV. i. 302. *Member.* One who shares in.

IV. i. 303. *Gross.* Stupid. *Wots.* Knows.

IV. i. 305. *Advantages.* Benefits. For singular form, see *Introd.*, p. 46, 4, a.

IV. i. 314. *Fault.* Henry IV. had deposed Richard II. and was responsible for his murder.

IV. i. 315. *Compassing.* Obtaining.

IV. i. 316. *Interred new.* Henry had caused the body to be taken from its first resting place and buried in Westminster Abbey.

IV. i. 325. *Penitence comes after all.* Not all that I can do is enough to enable me to dispense with penitence.

IV. ii. Once more the over-confidence of the French is emphasized, in order to bring out the greatness of Henry's victory.

IV. ii. 2. *Montez à cheval!* To horse!

IV. ii. 4. *Via! les eaux et la terre.* Away! water and earth.

IV. ii. 5. *Rien puis? L'air et le feu.* Nothing more? Air and fire. If it is necessary to find any particular meaning in these exclamations, they may perhaps be referred back to III. vii. 22 ff.

IV. ii. 6. *Ciel.* Heaven.

IV. ii. 9. *Incision.* *I. e.* with your spurs.



IV. ii. 11. *Dout*. Do out, put out. Cf. *don*, do on, and *doff*, do off.

IV. ii. 18. *Shales*. Shells.

IV. ii. 21. *Curtle-axe*. A corruption of "cutlass," a short sword. Neither the word nor the weapon has originally any connection with "axe."

IV. ii. 29. *Hilding*. Base, contemptible.

IV. ii. 31. *Speculation*. Looking-on.

IV. ii. 35. *Tucket sonance*. Trumpet call.

IV. ii. 36. *Dare the field*. "*To dare the field* is a term in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand." (Johnson.)

IV. ii. 39. *Desperate of*. Despairing of.

IV. ii. 41. *Curtains*. Banners.

IV. ii. 42. *Passing*. Surpassingly.

IV. ii. 44. *Beaver*. The visor of a helmet, which defended the face, and could be raised and lowered at will.

IV. ii. 47. *Lob*. Droop.

IV. ii. 49. *Gimmel*. Made of rings or links.

IV. ii. 51. *Executors*. Which will dispose of their remains after the battle.

IV. ii. 54. *Battle*. Army.

IV. ii. 61. *Trumpet*. Trumpeter.

IV. iii. The famous speech of the King also expresses confidence, but its manly tone is in the strongest possible contrast to the contemptuous undervaluation of their enemies by the French.

IV. iii. 2. *Rode*. See Introd., p. 46, 4, c.

IV. iii. 13. *Mind*. Remind.

IV. iii. 26. *Yearns*. Grieves, vexes.

IV. iii. 35. *Stomach*. Inclination.

IV. iii. 37. *Convoy*. Travelling expenses.

IV. iii. 39. *Fears his fellowship to die with us*. Is afraid to be our companion in dying, or at the risk of his life. For *to die* see Introd., p. 47, 4, g.

IV. iii. 40. *Crispian*. Oct. 25. The brothers Crispinus and Crispianus came from Rome to France to preach the gospel, and suffered martyrdom in the fourth century. They were shoemakers by trade, and hence became the patron saints of that craft.

IV. iii. 45. *Vigil*. The evening before the feast day.

IV. iii. 50. *Advantages*. Some exaggeration.



IV. iii. 63. *Gentle*. Make gentle, raise to the rank of gentleman.

IV. ii. 68. *Bestow yourself*. Take your position.

IV. iii. 70. *Expedience*. Expedition, speed.

IV. iii. 83. *Engluttred*. Swallowed up.

IV. iii. 84. *Mind*. Cf. l. 13 above.

IV. iii. 86. *Retire*. A verb used as a noun, as *gentles*, I. Prol. 8, is an adjective so used.

IV. iii. 91. *Achieve*. Get.

IV. iii. 96. *Native*. At home in England.

IV. iii. 105. *Like to the bullet's grazing*. As a bullet glances off from the first object it has hit and strikes another, continuing to do damage.

IV. iii. 107. *Rélapse of mortality*. Having a deadly reaction. On accent, see Introd., 43, 6.

IV. iii. 130. *Vaward*. Vanguard.

IV. iv. If it was necessary at all to

“disgrace

With four or five most vile and ragged folls,

Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,

The name of Agincourt,”

it is less incongruous to have this scene, the only one of actual contact between the opposing forces (except the “excursions” of the stage directions), take place between Pistol and a French soldier than between the leaders on either side. In the latter case the effect would be to belittle the greatness of the characters; as it is, both the comedy of the play and the greatness of the victory are increased by making the cowardly Pistol strut as victor. The scene lets us down easily and naturally from the towering heights of heroic rhetoric reached by Henry in his great speech.

IV. iv. 2. *Je pense . . . qualité*. I think that you are a gentleman of good birth.

IV. iv. 4. *Qualtitie calmie custure me!* The first word is Pistol's attempt at *qualité*. In the rest of the jargon some have found the burden of an Elizabethan song, “Calen o custure me,” supposed to be Irish.

IV. iv. 6. *O Seigneur Dieu!* O Lord God! Pistol takes this exclamation for the announcement of the Frenchman's name, and concludes from the “seigneur” that he must be a person of some consequence.

IV. iv. 9. *Perpend*. Weigh, consider.

IV. iv. 10. *Fox*. Slang for sword.

IV. iv. 13. *O prenez . . . moi.* O take pity! have pity on me!

IV. iv. 15. *Moy.* A *moi* was a Portuguese gold coin, worth about seven dollars. *Moidore* is simply *moi de ore*, gold *moi*. But it is not necessary to suppose that Pistol had any definite coin or amount of money in mind by this perversion of *moi*. He simply considered it an offer of ransom of some sort, and was determined to extort as great a sum as possible from the frightened Frenchman.

IV. iv. 16. *Rim.* Midriff.

IV. iv. 18. *Est il . . . bras?* Is it impossible to escape the force of your arm?

IV. iv. 23. *O pardonnez moi!* O pardon me!

IV. iv. 24. *Me.* Ethical dative. See *Introd.*, p. 45, 2, e.

IV. iv. 27. *Écoutez . . . appelé.* Listen: what is your name?

IV. iv. 30. *Fer.* For a similar repetition of a name in a threat to produce comic effect, cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 191 ff.:

"Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. (*Beating him.*)"

*Firk.* Beat. *Ferret.* Worry like a ferret.

IV. iv. 36. *Que dit-il, monsieur?* What does he say, sir?

IV. iv. 37-39. *Il me . . . gorge.* He bids me tell you to make yourself ready; for this soldier is disposed to cut your throat immediately.

IV. iv. 43. *O, je vous . . . écus.* O I pray you, for the love of God, pardon me! I am a gentleman of a good house; save my life, and I will give you two hundred crowns.

IV. iv. 53 ff. Little sir, what does he say?

*Boy.* Again that it is contrary to his oath to pardon any prisoner; however, for the crowns that you have promised, he is willing to give you liberty, release.

*Fr. Sol.* On my knees I give you a thousand thanks; and I think myself happy to have fallen into the hands of a knight who is, I think, the bravest, most valiant and most distinguished lord of England.

IV. iv. 71. *Suivez . . . capitaine.* Follow the great captain.

IV. iv. 77. *Roaring devil i' the old play.* One of the chief functions of the Devil in the old miracle plays was promiscuous roaring. To this he was often incited by the Vice, or buffoon, who belabored him with a lath sword or

dagger, with which also the Vice pretended to pare his traditionally long nails. *That . . . his nails.* Whose nails.

IV. v. This scene and the next are, in their bald contrast between the behavior of the French and English, a direct appeal to the patriotic prejudices of the audience.

IV. v. 1 ff. Con. *O Diable!* O the devil!

Orl. *O seigneur!* . . . *perdu!* O lord! the day is lost, all is lost!

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* Death of my life! *O méchante fortune!* O evil fortune!

IV. v. 7. *Perdurable.* Lasting.

IV. v. 18. *On heaps.* An old use of "on" where we now say "in." Cf. *Intro.*, p. 48, 6, c.

IV. vi. 8. *Larding.* Enriching with his blood.

IV. vi. 9. *Honour-owing.* Honour-owning, honourable.

IV. vi. 11. *Haggled.* Hacked.

IV. vi. 18. *Well-foughten.* Cf. *Intro.*, p. 46, 4, c.

IV. vi. 21. *Me.* Ethical dative. *Raught.* Reached.

IV. v. 31. *All my mother.* The tender part of my nature which I inherited from my mother.

IV. vi. 33. *Compound with mistful eyes.* Make a bargain with my eyes and allow them to be misty, or else they will shed tears.

IV. vi. 37. This is according to Holinshed, who says: "But when the outerie of the lackies and boies which ran away for feare of the Frenchman thus spoiling the campe, came to the Kings eares, he doubting least his enimies should gather together againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies, or the verie enimies to their takers indeed if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet that everie man (upon pain of death) should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." Gower in the next scene misunderstands the King's motive, and ascribes the killing of the prisoners to a desire for revenge.

IV. vii. In this scene and the next the strenuous interest of the battle relaxes, and the little underplot of the King's glove is played out, with Fluellen as the chief figure in the comedy.

IV. vii. 37. *Figures.* Points of comparison.

IV. vii. 44. *Cleitus.* One of Alexander's generals, killed by him in a fit of drunkenness.

IV. vii. 49. *Great belly doublet.* The doublet was a sort

of tight-fitting vest, originally of two thicknesses, between which a great deal of padding was sometimes placed, particularly over the stomach.

IV. vii. 65. *Void*. Avoid, leave.

IV. vii. 67. *Skirr*. Scurry.

IV. vii. 68. *Enforced*. Discharged.

IV. vii. 75. *Fin'd* . . . *for ransom*. Set as the price at which I will ransom myself.

IV. vii. 79. *Book*. Make a list of.

IV. vii. 82. *Mercenary blood*. The blood of common soldiers who were paid for their service.

IV. vii. 86. *Yerk*. Jerk, kick.

IV. vii. 91. *Peer*. Appear.

IV. vii. 104 ff. Fluellen here gives an account of the wearing of the leek different from the historical one. Cf. IV. 1. 55, note.

IV. vii. 112. *Memorable*. Commemorative.

IV. vii. 126. *Just*. Exact.

IV. vii. 146. *Sort*. Rank; so in IV. viii. 82. *From the answer of his degree*. Raised above the necessity of answering a challenge from a common soldier.

IV. vii. 148. *As good a gentleman as the Devil*. Cf. *Lear*, III. iv. 148, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman."

IV. vii. 153. *Jack-sauce*. Saucy Jack.

IV. vii. 159. *Who*. See *Introd.*, p. 44, 2, a. A similar instance occurs in l. 135 above.

IV. vii. 171. *An*. If.

IV. vii. 194. *Choler*. Anger.

IV. vii. 9. *'Sblood*. God's blood, a common oath.

IV. viii. 36. *Saving your majesty's manhood*. Fluellen is apologizing for the unbecoming words he is about to use.

IV. viii. 81 ff. The list of losses is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed. Note how the act closes with a return to a higher level in the picture of the King's piety.

IV. viii. 112. *Of name*. Bearing a title.

V. Dr. Johnson objected to "the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have avoided," and says, "The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject." It might be said in defense of Shakspeare, if he needs defense, that almost anything would be in the nature of an anti-climax after

the battle of Agincourt. The dramatist had two groups of characters whom he had to dispose of in some fashion; the first scene makes an effective ending for the comic group, and the final scene is most cleverly managed, giving us a vivid portrayal of the King's bluff, soldierly wooing, and ending with his complete triumph over his erstwhile enemies, even to the granting of the least points of the treaty. The same kind of symmetry that we look for in a tragedy or a comedy cannot be expected in a chronicle play, where the dramatist must adhere to the main facts of history; and Shakspeare has here done all that is necessary to bring to a triumphant conclusion the stage career of his ideal English hero.

V. Prologue. This bridges a gap of five years from 1415 to 1420, during which Henry waged a second campaign in France, which was ended by the treaty of Troyes.

10. *Pales in.* Hems in, encloses.

12. *Whiffler.* One who goes in front of a procession to clear the way.

21-22. *Giving full . . . God.* "Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God." (Johnson.)

25. *Sort.* Style, manner.

29 ff. *By a lower but loving likelihood.* By a comparison between persons of higher and lower rank, but showing our love for both. One of Shakspeare's few allusions to contemporary events or personages. The Earl of Essex left London on March 27, 1599, to put down a rebellion in Ireland, and returned unsuccessful on Sept. 28. For the bearing of this passage on the date of the play, see *Introd.*, p. 34.

32. *Broached.* Spitted.

38. *The Emperor's coming.* Sigismund's.

43. *Rememb'ring.* Reminding.

44. *Brook abridgement.* Endure this curtailing of events.

V. i. 6. *Scald.* Scabby, scurvy.

V. i. 21. *Bedlam.* Mad; a corruption of *Bethlehem*, the name of a lunatic asylum in London. *Trojan.* Trojan. The word was used contemptuously in Shakspeare's time.

V. i. 22. *Parca's fatal web.* The web of life spun by the *Parcae*, or Fates.

V. i. 31. *Cadwallader.* The last of the Welsh kings. Pistol's reply is irritating to the last degree, in its implication that even Welsh kings were little better than goatherds.



V. i. 39. *Mountain-squire*. In allusion to the mountainous character of Wales.

V. i. 40. *Squire of low degree*. This was the title of a very popular metrical romance. Fluellen plays on *low* as opposed to *mountain*.

V. i. 43. *Astonish'd*. Stunned.

V. i. 46. *Green*. Fresh.

V. i. 47. *Coxcomb*. Head.

V. i. 63. *Groat*. Fourpence.

V. i. 77. *Respect*. Consideration, reason.

V. i. 78. *Predeceased valour*. The valour of men long since dead.

V. i. 80. *Gleeking and galling*. Scoffing and sneering.

V. i. 86. *Condition*. Temper, disposition.

V. i. 88. *Huswife*. Hussey.

V. i. 89. *Doll*. A slip. It was Nell Quickly that Pistol married. *Spital*. Hospital.

V. i. 94. *Cutpurse*. Purses were worn hanging from the girdle; hence, a thief would cut the purse away.

V. i. 97. *Gallia*. An adjective here: French. *Exit*. Says Johnson: "The comick scenes of the The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

V. ii. Whatever may be said about anti-climax, it is clear that without this scene, a very charming side of Henry's character would have been left unrevealed. He is as irresistible as a lover as he was in the field.

V. ii. 1. *Wherefore*. Referring to *peace*.

V. ii. 16. *Bent*. Directed glance.

V. ii. 17. *Balls*. Of eyes and of cannon. *Basilisks*. The basilisk, or King snake, was a fabulous creature whose glances were fatal. The name was afterward given to a large cannon.

V. ii. 19. *Have*. See Introd., p. 46, 4, a.

V. ii. 27. *Bar*. Perhaps the place of meeting where the terms of the treaty were to be arranged; or, very possibly, referring to an actual barrier between the two parties.

V. ii. 31. *Congreeted*. Greeted each other.

V. ii. 33. *Rub*. Obstacle. Cf. II. ii. 189, note.

- V. ii. 37. *Put up*. Lift up, show again.
- V. ii. 40. *It*. Its. Cf. *Lear*, I. iv. 235-6:  
 "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long  
 That it had it head bit off by it young."
- V. ii. 42. *Even-pleach'd*. "Interwoven so as to have a smooth and even surface." (Schmidt.)
- V. ii. 44. *Fallow leas*. Uncultivated meadows.
- V. ii. 46. *Coulter*. The blade of the plow.
- V. ii. 47. *Deracinate*. Uproot.
- V. ii. 48. *Erst*. Formerly.
- V. ii. 51. *Teems*. Produces.
- V. ii. 52. *Kewes*. Dried hemlock stalks.
- V. ii. 61. *Diffus'd*. Disordered.
- V. ii. 63. *Favour*. Appearance.
- V. ii. 65. *Let*. Hindrance.
- V. ii. 68. *Would*. Desire.
- V. ii. 72. *Tenours*. General bearing. *Particular effects*.
- Specific details.
- V. ii. 73. *Enschedul'd*. Drawn up, listed.
- V. ii. 77. *Cursorary*. cursory, hasty.
- V. ii. 78. *Pleaseth*. May it please.
- V. ii. 82. *Accept*. Acceptance. *Peremptory answer*.
- Final, unconditional answer.
- V. ii. 90. *Consign*. Agree, join in signing.
- V. ii. 94. *Nicely*. Punctiliously. *Stood on*. Insisted on.
- V. ii. 112. Kath. *Que dit-il . . . anges?* What does he say? That I am like the angels?
- Alice. Yes, truly, save your grace, so he says.
- V. ii. 133. *Clap*. Clasp.
- V. ii. 145. *Buffet*. Win her by fisticuffs.
- V. ii. 146. *Bound*. Make prance.
- V. ii. 148. *Jack-an-apes*. Monkey.
- V. ii. 149. *Greenly*. Foolishly, like an inexperienced boy.
- V. ii. 150. *Nor . . . no*. Also *nor . . . never*.
- See *Introd.*, p. 47, 5, a.
- V. ii. 156. *Let thine eye be thy cook*. Let your eye look on me lovingly, and dress me up in charming qualities, as a cook would give a plain dish an attractive appearance.
- V. ii. 162. *Uncoined constancy*. Constancy that has never been impressed by other loves, like metal that has never been stamped into coin.
- V. ii. 169. *Fall*. Fall away, shrink.
- V. ii. 175. *His*. See *Introd.*, p. 44, 2, b.
- V. ii. 194. *Je quand . . . moi*. Henry's poor French



for "When I have possession of France, and you have possession of me."

V. ii. 197. *Saint Denis*. An appropriate supplication to the patron saint of France to help him in speaking the French language. *Donc . . . mienne*. Then France is yours and you are mine.

V. ii. 202. *Sauf votre . . . parole*. Save your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.

V. ii. 206. *Truly-falsely*. "With true meaning, but badly expressed." (Swan.)

V. ii. 221. *Scambling*. Scrambling.

V. ii. 228. *Flower-de-luce*. Fleur-de-lis, the emblem of France.

V. ii. 233. *Moiety*. Part.

V. ii. 235. *La plus . . . déesse*. The most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess.

V. ii. 245. *Untempering*. Lacking the power to temper or soften you.

V. ii. 268. *Broken music*. Music arranged for different instruments, concerted music.

V. ii. 273-4. *Will . . . shall*. Note the change from simple futurity to determined assurance.

V. ii. 278. *Laissez . . . seigneur*. Let be, my lord, let be, let be! My faith, I do not at all wish that you lower your greatness by kissing the hand of an unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord.

V. ii. 284. *Les dames . . . France*. It is not the French custom for ladies and young girls to be kissed before their marriage.

V. ii. 293. *Entendre . . . moi*. Understands better than I.

V. ii. 296. *Oui, vraiment*. Yes, truly.

V. ii. 297. *Nice*. Scrupulous; so in l. 303.

V. ii. 299. *List*. Barrier.

V. ii. 318. *Condition*. Cf. V. i. 86, note.

V. ii. 333. *Wink*. Shut their eyes.

V. ii. 342. *Bartholomew-tide*. Aug. 24.

V. ii. 355. *Perspectively*. As through a perspective, a glass which produced optical illusions. Cf. *All's Well*, V. iii. 48-9:

"Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour."

V. ii. 378. *Praeclarissimus*. Most famous. Shakspeare

here followed the reading in Holinshed, probably a typographical error for *præcarissimus*, corresponding to *très-cher*.

V. ii. 386. *That*. So that.

V. ii. 387. *Look pale*. Alluding to the chalk cliffs on either side of the English Channel.

V. ii. 389. *Dear conjunction*. "Solemn union." (Moore Smith).

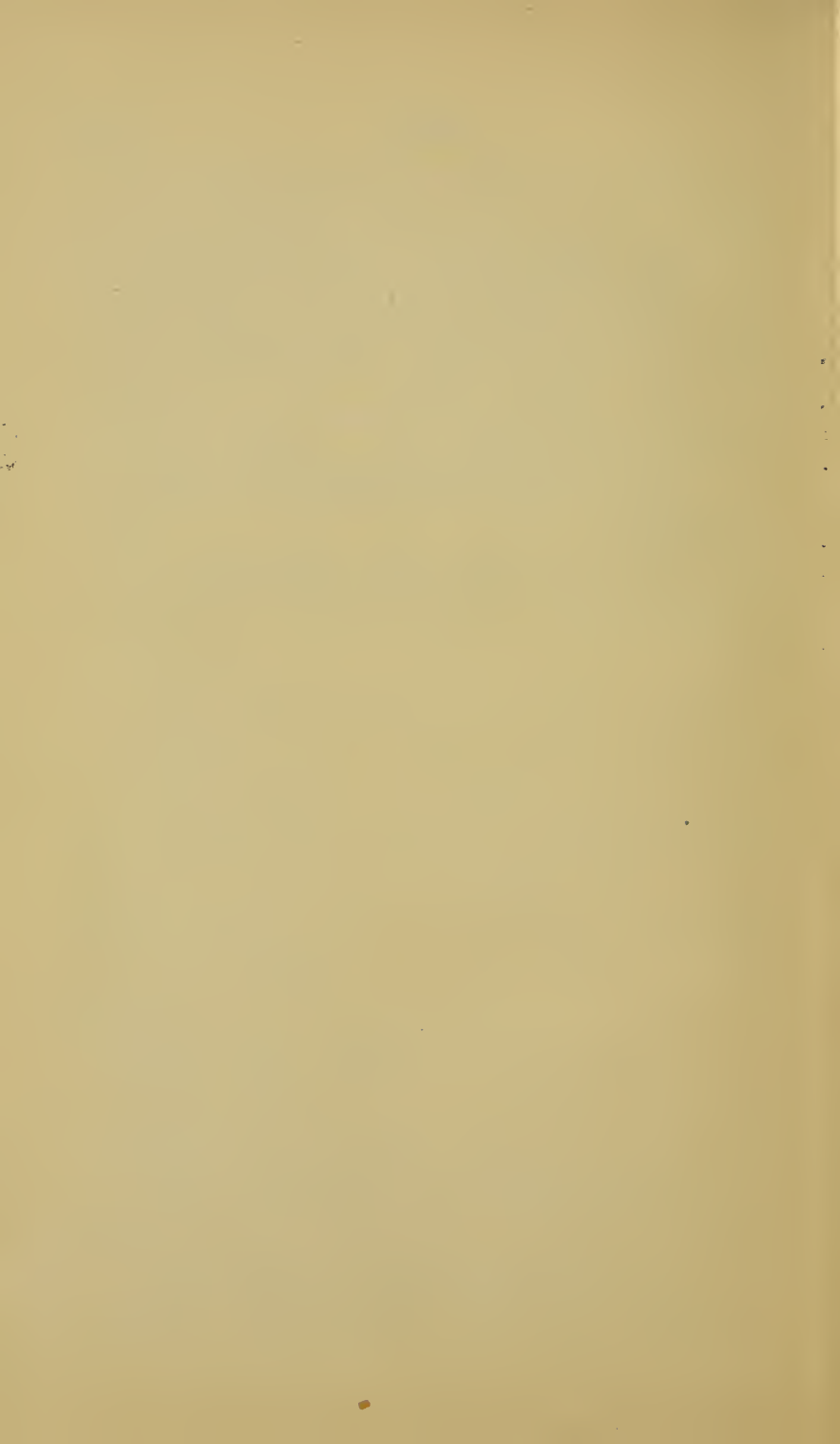
V. ii. 402. *Paction*. Compact.

V. ii. 411. S. D. *Sennet*. A set of notes on the trumpet. Epilogue. Note the sonnet form.

2. *Bending*. Unable to sustain the weight of his task.

4. *Mangling by starts*. By giving only a fragmentary representation.

13. *Which oft our stage hath shown*. In the three parts of Henry VI., probably written before 1592.



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